

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2300.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

WITH SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS } BY POST, 6d.



OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BIRTHS.

On the 12th inst., at 34, Portman-square, Mrs. George M. L. Egerton, of a daughter.

On the 12th inst., the Duchess of Westminster, of a daughter.

On the 11th inst., at 31, Great Cumberland-place, the Lady Heneretta Guinness, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 8th inst., at 5, Grosvenor-terrace, Glasgow, by the Rev. Frank Walters, James Alfred Jacoby, of Normanton House, Normanton-on-the-Wolds, Notts, second son of the late M. Jacoby, of The Park, Nottingham, to Elizabeth Hermine Frederika, daughter of G. Liepmann, of 5, Grosvenor-terrace, Glasgow. No cards.

DEATHS.

On the 11th inst., at Hygcroft, Arundel-road, Eastbourne, Alexander James Wright, aged 50 years.

On the 13th inst., in the 85th year of his age, at his residence, 24, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood, Norman Turner MacLeod, late of Lachlans and MacLeod, Cornhill. Most deeply regretted.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 26.

SUNDAY, MAY 20.

Trinity Sunday.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah vi. 1-11; Rev. i. 1-9. Evening Lessons: Gen. xviii. or i. and ii. 1-4; Eph. iv. 1-17, or Matt. iii.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Bishop of London's Ordination; Rev. J. F. Cooke; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Dr. C. S. Gibson.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. F.

MONDAY, MAY 21.

Meeting of House of Commons after Recess.
Hibbert Lectures, St. George's Hall, 5 p.m., Rev. C. Beard on the Reformation; and on Wednesday.
Asiatic Society, anniversary, 4 p.m.; dinner, 7 p.m.

TUESDAY, MAY 22.

Full moon, 3.12 a.m.
Trinity Law Sittings end.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor McKendrick on Physiological Discovery.
Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Rev. E. Ledger on Astronomy (four days).
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m.
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.
Peece Society, anniversary, Finsbury Chapel, 6.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23.

Epsom Races: Derby Day.
Botanic Society, promenade.
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Mr. Philip Magnus on Technical Education.

THURSDAY, MAY 24.

Corpus Christi.
Queen Victoria born, 1819.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. R. S. Poole on Recent Discoveries in Egypt.
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.
Telegraph Engineers' Society, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 25.

The Princess Helena born, 1846.
Epsom Races—The Oaks.
Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Professor Flower on Whales, Past and Present, and their Probable Origin, 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 26.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Turner on Russian Social Life.
Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.
The Queen's Birthday kept in London Parkes Museum, to be opened by the Duke of Albany.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

| DAY. | DAILY MEANS OF | | | THERMOM. | WIND. | | | Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning. | Inches. |
|------|---------------------|-------------------------|------------|----------|--------------------|------------------|-------------------------|---|---------|
| | Barometer Corrected | Temperature of the Air. | Dew Point. | | Relative Humidity. | Amount of Cloud. | Maximum read at 10 P.M. | | |
| 6 | 29.818 | 52° S | 43° 4' | '72 | 8 | 64° 2' | 42° 0' | NNE. | 406 |
| 7 | 29.647 | 47° 4' | 44° 2' | '89 | 7 | 58° 1' | 48° 6' | NE. SW. | 173 |
| 8 | 29.522 | 44° 4' | 42° 9' | '95 | 10 | 48° 3' | 39° 4' | SW. N. | 53 |
| 9 | 29.518 | 44° 3' | 39° 7' | '85 | 10 | 47° 2' | 42° 1' | NNE. | 229 |
| 10 | 29.638 | 39° 2' | 36° 0' | '89 | 8 | 48° 2' | 35° 7' | W. WNW. | 162 |
| 11 | 29.891 | 43° 2' | 37° 0' | '80 | 7 | 51° 2' | 38° 9' | SW. NW. N. | 242 |
| 12 | 29.847 | 51° 0' | 49° 4' | '95 | 10 | 57° 3' | 42° 0' | S. SW. | 458 |

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—
Barometer (in inches) corrected . . . 29.838 29.683 29.562 29.498 29.598 29.871 29.732
Temperature of Air 52° S 43° 4' 47° 4' 44° 2' 48° 6' 46° 8' 45° 4'
Temperature of Evaporation 60° 89' 55° 99' 46° 89' 46° 89' 39° 0' 41° 29' 51° 29'
Direction of Wind NNE. NE. SW. N. N. WNW. SSE.

EPSOM RACES, MAY 22, 23, 24, and 25.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

THE ONLY ROUTE to the Epsom Downs Station (on the Racecourse) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, and Clapham Junction.

EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic; and additional First-Class Ladies' Waiting-rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS and CHEAP TRAINS between the above Stations on all Four Days of the Races; also extra First-Class Special Express Trains on the "Derby" and "Oaks" days.

EPSOM TOWN STATION.—Express and Cheap Trains to Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued to Epsom Town will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.

Note.—Tickets taken by the South-Western Company's Route to Epsom are not available to return by the Brighton Company's Direct route from the Epsom Downs station on the Racecourse.

For further particulars, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and a Grand Hotel, Pall-mall, Whitehall-square; also at their City Office, 14, Newgate-street, Cornhill, where tickets may also be obtained.

The West-End Offices will remain open until 10.30 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, May 21, 22, and 24.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1883.

TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from MAY 1 to OCT. 31, 1883.

For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.

Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful Route from England to Italy.

EXCURSIONS to the celebrated Rigi (by the Mountain Railway from Arth Station of the St. Gotthard Railway), and the Alpine Passes of the Furca, Oberalp, and the Valleys of the Tessin, Rhone, and Rhine. London to Lucerne, 24 hours; to Milan, 33 hours; Venice, 43 hours; Florence, 44 hours; Rome, 51 hours; Naples, 56 hours.

SECOND-CLASS Carriages to the EXPRESS TRAINS in Switzerland. Sleeping Cars lighted with gas, and fitted with the Safety Continuous Brakes; Sleeping Cars; and excellent Buffets at the Swiss stations.

The Tunnel of St. Gotthard is traversed in Twenty-three Minutes with perfect safety, and free from inconvenience.

Tickets: Great Eastern, South-Eastern, London, Chatham, and Dover Railways.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.
Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doultone Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."

TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES,
9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, Is.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF
OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is
NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission Is., including Catalogue.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,
Piccadilly, W. The SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.—Admission, Is. Illustrated Catalogue, Is. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION." "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRATORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. Is.

A MERICAN WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS.
This Exhibition, specially chosen from the studios of the Artists in America by Hubert S. Philpot, M.A., Oxon, is NOW OPEN from Ten to Six. Drawing-room, Humblet Hall, Piccadilly. Admission, Is.

S.T. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
The new and magnificent entrance from Piccadilly is now open.

GREAT AND GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME,
produced for the first time on Whit Monday.

ALL THE NEW SONGS HAVE ELICITED THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF
APPROVAL from the enormous audiences which have thronged the Hall at every Day and Night Performance since Monday.

THE AMERICAN DECEPTIONIST
will appear at every performance. See the Notices in the Times, "Daily Telegraph," "Standard," "Daily News," and "Daily Chronicle" of Tuesday, the 16th instant, concerning the marvellous feats of the Deceptionist.

The present brilliant Programme will be continued.

EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT;
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—At

Every Entertainment until further notice Mr. MASKELYNE will perform the CABINET MYSTERIES of the celebrated DAVENPORT BROTHERS, clearly showing how the whole of the seemingly impossible feats are accomplished. For further particulars see daily papers.

M. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,

at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. At Three and Eight, a new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HEIRESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, Is. and 2s.; Stalls, 2s. and 6s. No fees.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lesser and Manager, Augustus Harris who has kindly granted the use of his Theatre, SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE by the United Dramatic Profession of London, in aid of the newly-established ACTORS' BENEVOLENT FUND, on TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1883, at One o'clock, p.m. Boxes, from 2s. 2d.; Stalls, 2s.; Grand Circle, 2s. and 1s. First Circle, 6s.; Balcony, 4s.; Pit, 3s.; Galleries, 2s. and 1s. Tickets to be obtained at the Box-office of Drury Lane Theatre, and at all the Libraries; and from Mr. C. G. Compton, at the Offices of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, 3, Adam-street, Adelphi.

LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING Every

Evening at Eight o'clock until June 1, excepting To-night (Saturday) and Saturday, May 26, when THE BELLS will be performed. Matinee, On Saturday, June 2, THE LYCEUM MAID will be produced, followed by HAMLET, CHARLES I., THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, LOUIS XI., EUGENE ARAM, and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. MORNING PERFORMANCES (last two), MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, To-day (Saturday) and SATURDAY next, MAY 26, at Two o'clock. THURSDAY, MAY 21, Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Daily, Ten to Five.

COLOURED PICTURE.

WITH NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER OF
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
WILL BE GIVEN A LARGE ENGRAVING, PRINTED IN COLOURS,
ENTITLED

A FALSE START.—THE DERBY.
FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN STURGEON.

The Number will contain the usual amount of Fine Art and News Engravings.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

Special Artists have been dispatched to Moscow, and Illustrations from their pencils will appear from time to time in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of the Preparations for the Coronation Ceremony, the Entry of the Czar and Czarina, Remarkable Buildings in the quaint old city, and all matters of interest connected with the august ceremonial.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

The International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington promises to be the most striking novelty of the London season, and a formidable rival of the art galleries. This will be due less to the éclat thrown around the enterprise by the State opening of Saturday last, when the Prince of Wales officiated in place of her Majesty, whose impaired health obliged her to forego her gracious intention, than to the intrinsic merits of the Exhibition, the natural instincts of a maritime people, and the wonderful collection of objects of interest associated with this department of industry. Although unfavourable weather and the imperfect organisation of the Exhibition somewhat detracted from the brilliancy of the inaugural pageant, these were accidents that will not affect its permanent usefulness or popularity. The pencil of the artist, far better than the pen of the writer, is adapted to illustrate the scope, variety, and significance of the countless novelties connected with fish and fisheries which are gathered together in the huge pile of buildings that cover several acres of ground adjoining the Horticultural Gardens. Within this inclosure, and protected, for the most part, from our changeable climate, are stored—to quote the excellent address presented to his Royal Highness—"the animal productions of the seas and rivers of all parts of the habitable globe, and the multitudinous contrivances devised by human ingenuity for their capture. Every article of commerce yielded by fisheries is represented, and the agencies by which these articles are transported, distributed, and prepared for our use are exemplified." The visitor may here learn how fish are managed and multiplied, as well as how they may be relished after being cooked on the spot. An infinite variety of fishing-boats and their gear, as well as an unequalled collection of life-boats and life-saving apparatus, tell of the dangers of stormy seas and the best means of averting them; while at the well-stocked aquarium there is every facility for studying at leisure the habits and idiosyncrasies of the finny tribes.

The Fisheries Exhibition affords scope for picturesque accessories, of which its organisers have not been slow to avail themselves. It is something to be made acquainted with the hitherto almost unknown piscatorial riches of the rivers and inland waters of China and Russia—the former Empire being exceedingly well represented, and the first to perfect its collection. Then there are Chinese and Russians in attendance, dressed in costume, to give a life-like reality to their respective departments, and representatives of the fishing population of Scandinavia, France and Belgian, to say nothing of those of Scotland and Ireland, in their bright dresses and picturesque head-gear. These fisher-girls, or fish-wives, as the case may be, are well cared for, and were "the observed of all observers" at South Kensington on Monday. They have had the distinction of being received by the amiable Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and Baroness Burdett-Coutts has, with her usual thoughtful kindness, specially taken in charge their comfort and enjoyment.

The address already referred to lays grateful stress upon the hearty co-operation of the foreign and colonial Governments, both in respect to the "vast and valuable collections" intrusted to the Commissioners, and to the liberal promises of pecuniary aid from our great dependencies. Although

from rain, may now be added the Fisheries Exhibition, the freshness of whose novelties attracted nearly fifty thousand of holiday-makers on Monday. Our variable climate does not, however, deserve indiscriminate condemnation. While Londoners and southerners in general were bewailing the drizzling rain, the populations of the Midland and Northern towns were basking in sunshine. Taking a wider range of view, the agricultural outlook, thanks to the recent warm rains, is decidedly hopeful. Vegetation is making rapid progress, and the present aspect of the cereal plants does not forbid the anticipation of a good harvest all round, should the country be vouchsafed a good spell of seasonable weather and summer heat.

The foremost and most criminal of the men concerned in the Phoenix Park assassinations underwent the extreme penalty of the law within the precincts of Kilmainham Jail on Monday. Some hundreds of persons were, chiefly from curiosity, gathered around the prison where Joseph Brady was being executed, but there was no unseemly popular demonstration. Although sympathy with agrarian outrage-mongers is far too general in Ireland, these brutal Fenian murders have found few apologists, except among the scum of the population. Within the next few weeks the chief of Brady's confederates will undergo a like fate, while others of his accomplices will be consigned to penal servitude for various terms. The Invincibles and other assassination gangs have been crushed by the strong arm of the law, and the wholesome effect of their detection and punishment is seen in the general restoration of order and the abatement of outrages throughout the country.

The Circular addressed by Leo XIII. to the Irish Bishops gives a new aspect to the already declining Nationalist movement. In severe and sweeping terms the Pope denounces the objects of that agitation, and warns the Catholic clergy so to instruct their flocks that "they might not be led away by greed of gain to mistake evil for good, and to place their hopes of public prosperity in the shame of criminal acts." His Holiness specifically condemns the Parnell Testimonial Fund, which Archbishop Croke has done so much to promote, and for which that Prelate, now in Rome, has been reprimanded. To what extent Irish Catholics will obey the mandates of the Sacred College remains to be seen.

The advantages of Empire are heavily weighted by the countervailing responsibilities. The most pacific-minded nation, if its territories are widely extended, cannot escape serious complications. If meekness is not prominently characteristic of the British people, neither is the spirit of aggression, although in our experience the gates of the Temple of Janus are rarely closed. At the present moment, looking at South Africa, they may be said to be ajar. There is a cruel war raging between the Boers and the Bechuanas, both nominally our allies; between Cetewayo and Usibepu, who occupy much the same relations to us, in which the Zulu King is said to be in danger of collapse; and between rival chiefs in Basutoland. The Cape Government hold aloof from the last-named entangling quarrel; the Home Government nervously declines to interfere; and the *Times* roundly proclaims that "South Africa will never be worth to the Empire what it will cost to retain." It might more reasonably have been urged that we should resolutely refuse to send another British soldier to that much-disturbed region. This decision could not, however, easily be carried out, for the well-behaved Orange Free State claims that treaty rights give it the power to demand Imperial intervention against incursions from the Basutos, while the Cape Colony has virtually washed its hands of these troublesome tribes, and thrown back upon the Home Government the responsibility of keeping them in order.

These perplexities in South Africa, which are intensified by the fact that the majority of the white population are of Dutch descent, may well make our Colonial Office cautious in taking over the new dependency of New Guinea, which the Governor of Queensland has thrust upon its acceptance. Lord Derby and his colleagues cannot in this case utter a resolute *non possumus* without creating grave complications in relation to our Australian colonies. Nor could they annex to the British Crown an island-continent, as large as the United Kingdom and France combined, inhabited by barbarous Papuan tribes, without grave misgivings, and the certain prospect of a large expenditure and serious perils. Either alternative has its difficulties. It has been suggested that the Imperial Government, in order to avoid refusal or acceptance, should make over New Guinea to the Australian colonies in common, and leave them to deal in the aggregate with the claims of Queensland, and settle the affairs of the new dependency in their own way. But when great colonies are allowed to possess dependencies after this fashion, what will become of the supremacy of the mother country? Would not this be the first step to a breach of continuity in the British Empire, or at least hasten that loose confederation of England and her colonies which has heretofore been only the dream of political theorists?

* * Our readers will miss ECHOES OF THE WEEK for a few weeks, "G. A. S." having gone to Moscow for the purpose of supplying a daily contemporary with vivid word-pictures of the Coronation of the Czar.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY (LIMITED).

Madame Pauline Lucca made her second appearance this season on Thursday week, when she repeated that fine performance of Margherita in "Faust" which has, in former seasons, been one of her most attractive representations. Again her brilliant vocalisation was specially displayed in the "Jewel song," all the other music of the Garden scene having been also finely given. The intense dramatic power of the artist was, as before, admirably manifested in several instances, especially in the scene of the death of Valentino, in the Cathedral scene, and in the closing situation of the death of Margherita. The cast on this occasion included a new feature in the Valentino of M. Devoyod. This gentleman's very successful débüt as Nelsuko in "L'Africaine" was recorded by us last week. As Valentino there was less opportunity for prominent display, but the artist's excellence was demonstrated in the death-scene of Valentino; Signor Marconi, as Faust, improved on the impression recently made by him in other characters. M. Gailhard was, as before, an efficient Mefistofele; Mdlle. Stahl reappeared as Siebel, and subordinate characters were as formerly.

On Saturday Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" was to have been performed, with the character of Catarina transferred to Madame Sembrich; but the illness of Signor Frapolli caused the substitution of "Lucia di Lammermoor," the opera in which the Dresden prima donna first appeared here, in 1880. Madame Sembrich's performance as Lucia on Saturday was, if possible, finer than on former occasions; having displayed all its former brilliancy of vocalisation with greater emotional intensity and more dramatic feeling. Her delivery of the scene of delirium was a fine display of vocal art that was enthusiastically applauded. The other principal characters were efficiently filled by Signor Ravelli (Edgardo), Signor Cotogni (Enrico), Signor Scarabelli (Arturo), and Signor Monti (Raimondo).

On Tuesday, Madame Lucca appeared as Leonora in "Il Trovatore," and sang and acted with fine dramatic feeling. In every situation—whether of sentiment and pathos, or of passionate impulse, the performance was, throughout, of exceptional excellence. Signor Battistini—whose successful débüt we recorded last week—sang admirably as the Count di Luna, and was enthusiastically encored in his aria, "Il balen." Mdlle. Tremelli as Azucena, and Signor Mierzwinski as Manrico, contributed towards an exceptionally good performance of the opera. M. Dupont conducted on Thursday week, and Signor Bevignani on the other occasions referred to. This (Saturday) evening, Madame Albani is to make her first appearance this season as Gilda in "Rigoletto." Ponchielli's opera, "La Gioconda," is in rehearsal, and will soon be produced.

Last week's concert of the Philharmonic Society was the fifth and last but one of the season. It included the first performance here of a motet, "Adjutor in opportunitatibus," by Cherubini, and the production of a new orchestral piece by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie. The motet was composed in 1818, twenty-four years before Cherubini's death, but long after he had made his fame by the production of many fine works. It is one of his almost innumerable pieces of Catholic service-music, and is characterised by much of the beauty and power manifested in his more important "Requiems" and Masses. It opens with a melodious tenor solo (which was well sung by Mr. V. Rigby), and is followed by three choral movements, the first and last of which are bright and jubilant, the intermediate chorus being the most impressive portion of the whole. The final chorus is an instance of the composer's happy combination of florid orchestral details with choral effects. Mr. Mackenzie's music is intended as an illustration of Keats's ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," its particular applicability thereto not being at once apparent. There is not much originality of idea, or novelty of treatment; and the chief effects are produced by a clever use of orchestral colouring. It was conducted by the composer, and was well received. Signorina Teresina Tua—the young lady violinist who was so successful at recent Saturday Crystal Palace Concerts—again produced a marked impression by her graceful and skilful performance of Herr Max Bruch's dry concerto (No. 1), and smaller pieces; and M. Fachmann gave a fine rendering of Chopin's second pianoforte concerto. Signor Mierzwinski contributed familiar vocal solos with great effect, and well-known orchestral pieces completed a programme of excessive length. Mr. Cusins conducted, as usual, with the exception of Mr. Mackenzie's work.

The concert given last week at the Royal Albert Hall by Mr. Ambrose Austin (of St. James's Hall) and Mr. G. Watts (of Brighton) was a great success. Madame Christine Nilsson was warmly greeted on her first appearance since her return from America. She sang the "Jewel song" from "Faust," Mignon's song from Ambroise Thomas's opera, and other pieces, with great effect, having been associated with Madame Trebelli in Boito's duet (from his "Mefistofele"), "La Luna immobile." Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and other well-known vocalists, contributed to a long performance, which also included instrumental pieces.—This (Saturday) afternoon, Madame Christine Nilsson is again to appear at the Royal Albert Hall, in a concert for which Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists are also announced.

The second of the new series of Richter concerts at St. James's Hall—on Thursday week—again manifested the excellence of the band and its conductor, Herr Richter, in the performance of well-known orchestral pieces. Gospodin Adolf Brodsky played Brahms's violin concerto with good effect, and Miss Orridge sang Gluck's "Che farò senza Euridice" with much expression.

The Sacred Harmonic Society closed its first season since its reconstitution, with Mr. Charles Hallé as conductor, at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, with a fine performance of "The Messiah," Miss M. Davies, Madame Patey, Mr. V. Rigby, and Mr. Bridson were the solo vocalists. Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. T. Harper, the trumpet obligato in the bass song, "The trumpet shall sound," could not be given, and the song was therefore omitted.

Mr. John Boosey gave an attractive ballad concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, the last of the season being announced for next Saturday.

Signor Tito Mattei's evening concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday evening included the performance of several vocal and instrumental pieces of his composition, among them a spirited septet from a manuscript comic opera. It had the advantage of being rendered by Mdlle. Marimon, Miss Santley, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, and Signor Zoboli. Signor Mattei's skill as a pianist was manifested in several solos, and Madame Patey and M. Bouhy contributed to the vocal programme, Signori Li Calsi (pianist), Papini (violinist), and Albert (violincellist) having been among the instrumentalists.

Mr. Charles Hallé's chamber concerts, at the Grosvenor Gallery, take place on Friday evenings—May 18 and 25; June 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29, and July 6.

On the suggestion of the Lord Mayor, the Corporation have unanimously acceded to a request of the Prince of Wales to grant the use of the Guildhall for a concert in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music.

A vocal and instrumental concert was given by the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society, with the assistance of Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Hewetson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mrs. D. C. Defries, and Mdlle. Sophie Menter, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Free Hospital.

Mr. Richard Rickards announces a Chopin pianoforte recital for next Thursday afternoon at St. James's Hall.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 30th inst., an afternoon concert in aid of the Cambridge Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, under the special patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family.

The arrangements for the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace are in active progress. The scheme is similar to that of former occasions, comprising a grand public rehearsal on Friday, June 15; a performance of "The Messiah" on Monday, June 18; a selection from various works on Wednesday, June 20; and "Israel in Egypt" on Friday, June 22. It is stated that the vast array of performers (nearly 4000) will again be swayed by the baton of Sir Michael Costa, as at the previous Festivals—this having always been an important condition of the musical success of these undertakings. The solo vocalists announced are Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Patey, Trebelli, and Suter; Misses A. Williams and A. Marriott; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Bridson.

The programme of the Gloucester Festival, on Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7, has now been settled, and will include the Mass in C (Beethoven), the "Redemption" (Gounod), "Sennacherib" (Arnold), "Elijah," "Messiah," "St. Mary Magdalene" (Stainer), "Lobgesang" (Mendelssohn), "Psyche" (Gade), and "Acis and Galatea." The principal singers will be Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Davies, Madame Patey, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. King, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Carrodus has accepted the post of leader, and Mr. C. L. Williams (cathedral organist) will conduct the festival.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. have recently published some interesting compositions, vocal and instrumental. "Hearken, O Children of Men," song, by Alice Borton, is of more than average merit. "Green Leaf and Blossom," by Mrs. L. Moncrieff, is also a graceful and pleasing song. An "Idylle Mélodique" for piano, by J. L. Roekel' and a transcription for pianoforte of Handel's Minuet from "Samson," by J. de Sivrai, will be found useful for drawing-room performance. "Je T'Adore," Waltz, by E. De Valmency, is pretty and attractive.

From Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. we have a "Morceau de Salon" for piano, of merit, by E. Claudet, entitled "Hush!" "St. Eustache," a reminiscence, for the pianoforte, abridged from the Second Grand Offertoire for the Organ (L. Wely), arranged by Carl Mahler. "Asleep," song, by Mrs. Wood, is an appropriate setting of L. E. L.'s mournful words. "Two Young People," and "Diamond Cut Diamond," by A. J. Caldicott, are songs of a light and coquettish character.

The organ compositions from the house of Novello, Ewer, and Co. are more than usually attractive. In addition to "The Organist's Quarterly Journal" for April, there are some arrangements for the organ by G. C. Martin, from the works of Beethoven, Schumann, &c. There are also several effective anthems, among which we may mention "Death and Life," by W. Parratt; "Come unto Me," by H. R. Couldrey; and a wedding anthem, "There was a Marriage in Cana of Galilee," by J. Stainer. From the same publishers we have an arrangement (by the composer) for four hands, for the pianoforte, of the "Intermezzo" ("On the Waters"), from Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata "Jason," which will be welcomed by many. "The Afterglow," a song, by F. G. Webb, is a thoughtful and tender composition, and will suit voices of a moderate compass.

Messrs. Morley and Co. send a welcome supply of songs, the most noteworthy being "Home to Thy Heart" and "Trusty as Steel," by C. Pinsuti; "An Old Story," by Louisa Gray; "Angel Echoes," by T. Hutchinson; and "The Gate of Heaven," by Berthold Tours.

Messrs. Boosey contribute some effective new vocal pieces, among which may be specified Mr. J. L. Hatton's ballad "The Old Pilot," Mr. J. L. Molloy's songs "The Train" and "Changes," Mr. Stephen Adams's "My Life for Thee," Miss Maude Valérie White's "A Faithful Heart" (an adaptation of a Brazilian melody), Mr. Frank L. Moir's "I did not know," "Beware," by A. L. Mora, and "Meanwhile," by A. H. Behrend. All these are tuneful, free from difficulty, and require but a moderate compass of voice.

We must not omit to mention a flowing "Lullaby," "Dream, Baby, Dream," published by Messrs. Augener and Co., composed by W. W. Hedgecock.

The publications forwarded from Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co. are of pleasing variety, comprising some interesting pianoforte pieces, and several pretty songs. In the former category, we may name "Feuilles Mortes," a rhapsody, by Georg Asch; "The Streamlet," étude de salon, by Lillie Albrecht; "The Wolsey March," by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew; "March of William the Conqueror," by Brownlow Baker; "Gavotte du Roi," by Gerard Coventry; and "Polka in C," by Bentayoux. Four melodies, with Italian words, entitled "Breeze Sorrentine," by G. Gariboldi, are suitable for drawing-room purposes. "Flowers of Memory," by Herbert Reeves, is a song possessing much pathos. "A Lock of Hair," and "Hearts," by H. C. Hiller; "False and True," by W. Spark, Mus.D.; "In the Sweet Spring Time," by W. F. Glover; "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," by Ida Walter; and "The Wave's Secret," by Brownlow Baker, are songs of merit.

On the last day of the fifth week of April, 52,560 indoor and 38,664 outdoor paupers were relieved, making a total of 91,224, as against 90,483 in the corresponding week of last year. The vagrants relieved on the same date numbered 574.

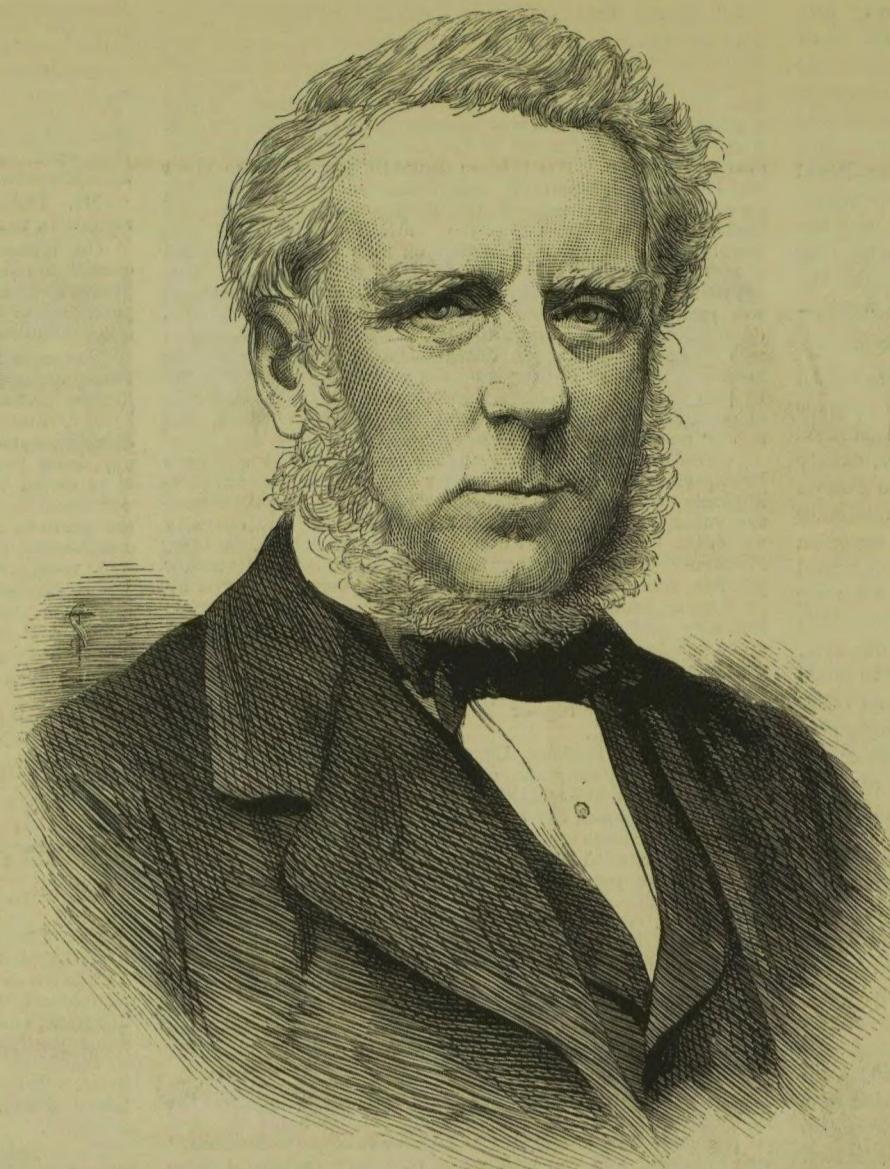
The Lacrosse players, consisting of fifteen Canadian gentlemen and thirteen Iroquois Indians, on Tuesday arrived in Liverpool from Portland. They proceeded to Dumfries to play a series of exhibition games in Scotland.

The Archbishop of Dublin has appointed the Rev. J. George Scott, M.A., Rector of Bray and Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to the archdeaconry of Dublin, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Lee, D.D.

The District Auditors of England and Wales presented to Sir John Lambert, K.C.B., at the office of the Local Government Board on Saturday last, a handsome silver épergne of the value of 100 guineas, on his retirement from the permanent secretaryship of the board.

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL READ.

The death of this able and popular artist, who during nearly forty years, since 1844, has been a constant contributor to the *Illustrated London News* and a great favourite with our readers, was announced by us last week. It is deeply regretted by all who were long here personally associated with him, and by a large circle of brother artists and private friends. Mr. Read was born at Needham Market, near Ipswich, about 1816. As a boy in his native place, he showed a strong taste and talent for art; and when he entered a lawyer's office, that of Mr. Sparrow, Town Clerk of Ipswich, he loved to amuse himself with the pencil and sketch-book. He gained a nearer approach to artistic pursuits by exchanging his first employment for that of assistant to an architect in the same town. In 1841 he came to London and joined his friend Mr. Whymper as a draughtsman for wood engraving. He soon afterwards became connected with the *Illustrated London News*, in the service of which he produced a great quantity of excellent work, but his drawings of architectural, of marine, and of landscape subjects won more particular notice. He was, moreover, the first Special Artist ever sent abroad to furnish Sketches for any illustrated newspaper. Just before the outbreak of the Crimean War, in 1853, he went out to Constantinople and the Black Sea for the performance of that service. His designs of imaginative and romantic subjects, "The Haunted House" and others for the Christmas Numbers of this Journal, were characterised by high poetic feeling and were often greatly admired. In the conception and delineation, most especially, of picturesque old buildings, rural mansions or castles, invested with an air of romance by their supposed associations with the lives of former generations, Mr. Read's power of this ideal kind was effectively displayed. His pictures also of the wild and sublime cliff scenery of our northern coasts had a similar quality of peculiar impressiveness, as in his views of "Cape Wrath," "The Bass Rock," and many others, which our readers cannot have forgotten. Interiors of grand old Churches and Cathedrals were another class of subjects which he treated with great effect. As an artist in water-colours, he achieved considerable pro-



THE LATE SAMUEL READ, ARTIST.

fessional success, becoming a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and a frequent contributor to their yearly Exhibitions. But as an artist drawing on wood he was most notable for his peculiar mastery of the treatment of pictorial effects in black and white. Among the most prominent of his drawings for the *Illustrated London News*, during the past twenty years, were the series of views of the English Cathedrals, published in large Engravings; and the interesting small sketches of picturesque bits of architecture in many old cities and towns, in England and Scotland, in France, Belgium, Germany, and Spain, entitled "Leaves from a Sketch-book"; some of which latter were reprinted in a volume published several years ago. Mr. Read married a daughter of the late Dr. Carruthers, proprietor and editor of the *Inverness Courier*, whose literary accomplishments and labours, as well as his amiable personal qualities, are remembered with much esteem and affection by a host of English and Scottish friends. A son and daughter, with the widow, are left to mourn the death of Mr. Read, with the sincere sympathy of all who enjoyed his acquaintance and knew his worth in the relations of private life.

The Portrait we have engraved is from a photograph by Mr. R. Cade, of Ipswich.

FINE-ART ILLUSTRATIONS.

"LEAVING LABOUR."

The day is done; the sun has set; twilight is coming on apace; labour must cease, and so home to bed; for there is no "burning of the midnight oil" in these parts. The last sweet-scented furrow driven in the fallow lies open in the foreground; the horses are being unyoked; the plough-boy mounts grey Dobbyn to lead the way to the farm; and the dog, highly approving the arrangements, is impatient to start. This picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition, by an artist whose name is new to us—Mr. E. B. Stanley Montefiore—is a work of considerable promise; all the more so because the painter, duly acknowledging the conditions of his theme, has attempted no bright or startling effect.

"LOBSTER FISHERS."

At the Fisheries Exhibition the reader may fully inform himself of the mode of



THE SACRED MISTLETOE. BY G. H. BOUGHTON (GROSVENOR GALLERY).



LOBSTER FISHERS. BY COLIN HUNTER (ROYAL ACADEMY).

amusing picture there, from Dutch life, to this his more ambitious ideal effort, also in the same exhibition. However, by engraving this work we show there was no malice, and our readers—our more serious readers at all events—may think our preference misplaced. In presenting this young Druidess the artist has had to draw not from Dutch vrows, or "New England witches," or London models, but from his inner consciousness. This is Mr. Boughton's own peculiar and customary type. Curious it is how persistent a particular type becomes with some artists. One Academician paints a single broad-cheeked, broad-nosed, expressionless face for thirty years. Another paints a lank-cheeked, pinched-nosed, sallow, ascetic female, for even a longer period. Rossetti was content with one strange melancholy "beauty," forsooth, great part of his career; and Burne Jones borrowed a poor consumptive Madonna from Botticelli, and for a thousand times has depicted nothing else. Nor are



LEAVING LABOUR. BY E. B. STANLEY MONTEFIORE (ROYAL ACADEMY).

PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND GROSVENOR GALLERY EXHIBITIONS.

capturing that most toothsome crustacean the lobster, should he possibly be not familiar therewith. We shall, then, limit our remarks in respect to this clever picture by Mr. Colin Hunter, in the Royal Academy Exhibition, to its artistic qualities; and we would call attention especially to the strong realistic delineation of these boats and fishers, with their lobster pots and kegs, and to the effect which is given in the dancing glitter of the sea, responsive to the brilliance of the sky. But even to dwell on these qualities would be supererogatory. Everybody knows with what a full, "fat," fearless pencil Mr. Colin Hunter dashes off his sparkling seas. One of his early efforts of this kind was purchased by the Academicians from the Chantrey Bequest Fund—no mean testimony to an artist's merit.

"THE SACRED MISTLETOE."

We frankly said, in our first notice of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition, that we preferred Mr. Boughton's



these artists in bad company, for much the same might be said of Raphael and Michael Angelo, Leonardo and Rubens. Let us accept our Druidess, however, especially as she has black hair, for most likely the early inhabitants of these isles had that Celtic characteristic; and ethnologists would probably tell us that as a race they were nearer to their conquerors, the Romans, than is commonly supposed. Our now adopted Druidess wears, then, it will be observed, the regulation white robe, and wreath of oak-leaves round her brow; and for her glass beads and gold bracelets authority can be adduced. She has likewise duly cut her armful of the mystic parasite with the golden sacrificial knife—sacred also to what ghastly immolations at the lithic altar smoking across the snow-covered mead! We shall venture here upon no dissertation on the “sacred mistletoe” or the Druids and their rites.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THIRD NOTICE.

We may resume our review of this exhibition with observations on a few works by Academicians and Associates not hitherto noticed, which have merit more or less, if little novelty. Much novelty we must not look for while the ignorant buyer will have and the artist—of whom it may nowadays very often be said that there is no sharper man of business—is content to supply pictures as per previous pattern.

Mr. Briton Rivière has employed the skill he displayed in the painting of pigs in his “Circe” in a questionable manner in his picture (269) of swine possessed by the unclean spirits. The representation is simply ludicrous. Nor is the sense of reverence gratified by seeing one of the swineherds charged and floored in the stampede, and in imminent peril of being carried down the steep place with his black charge. St. Mark merely says, “They that fed the swine fled.” Mr. Rivière’s painting, *per se*, is loose, and not strong; but it is usually better in his animals than his human figures. The converse holds good, however, in “Old Playfellows” (392), a colie pawing the knees of a sick child, inviting him to play. The face of the boy, as swathed in blankets, he lies incapable of responding, is pathetic, admirable; but the dog has a heron’s neck, and the ruff round it is too coarse for hair. “The Last of the Crew” (498), a solitary Arctic explorer, standing on an ice-floe, is rather hackneyed in its central idea; and the unpleasant suspicion suggests itself whether the Esquimaux dog rubbing now so affectionately against his legs is not capable of joining the hungry pack snarling over a bone behind him in an unhallowed orgie over his remains. In “Giants at Play” (694)—the bull-pup before whom three navvies trail a bunch of feathers attached to a string, to excite his fighting instinct, is far better than the men. The way he sidles towards his imaginary adversary is capital.

“The Wae fu’ Heart” (92), by Mr. Faed, is in his conventional, sentimental, customary vein: but all honour to him for “We had been Boys together” (262). He has done little so truthful and complete. It represents a poor broken-down man introducing himself to a now prosperous playmate of some fifty years before. The scene is the office of the latter—the floor strewn with title-deeds. The owner, looking the energetic man of business that he is, tries to recall the name on the card of his visitor, who, in a shapeless waterproof and crushed white hat with mourning band, stands awaiting yet scarcely hoping for recognition. Sir John Gilbert has departed little from his beaten track, except in the picture of the murder of “Thomas à Becket” (722). His most important picture, however, is the full-length Trumpeter standing beside his chestnut horse (231)—superb in effect, with the “go” of Delacroix, but weightier and richer in colour. E. J. Gregory’s “Piccadilly: Drawingroom Day” (112), painted as seen from a window at the corner of Bond-street, is most daintily and artistically faithful, though as far removed from photographic rigidity as impressionist flimsiness. The difficult perspective is perfectly mastered. Another admirable small picture is Mr. Herkomer’s “Natural Enemies” (120)—a fierce dispute and imminent contest between a black-bearded, beetle-browed hunter from the highlands, and a fair burly young farmer from the lowlands of Bavaria in a village inn, the cause (besides natural antipathy) being, probably, the pretty waiting-maid standing with her arm raised in a deprecatory attitude at the door. The painting is a little rough in parts for the scale, and some of the proportions of the figures are at fault; but there is nothing more intensely dramatic in the entire exhibition.

J. B. Burgess has equalled, perhaps surpassed, his success of last year in “The Meal at the Fountain: Spanish Mendicant Students” (249). Very spirited is the group of poor black-suited students, “sans six sous, et sans souci,” one of whom sings gaily to his guitar, as he eyes a couple of pretty girls; while another, furtively taking his eyes from his book, watches their evident admiration of his fellow-student. If these figures were painted as forcibly as the thirsty old muleteer slicing his orange, if the colouring were a little fuller, this would rank with John Philip’s work; indeed, the elder painter seldom rendered facial expressions so felicitously as here. Mr. Macbeth hardly appears to advantage with his new title as Associate in “A Sacrifice” (42), a girl selling her hair. The barber who is shearing away her long, auburn tresses, is unconscionably lanky, and looks an intolerable prig. The best portion is the glimpse of the front shop, with a customer wearing a full-bottomed wig of similar colour to that of the girl’s hair. A smaller but much better picture is “The Signal” (423), a young lady at the shady trysting-place by the river, into which she strews rose petals to announce her arrival. She is a charming figure, and the colouring is no less so. With none of the slightness of handling of Mr. Macbeth and a section of the Scotch school, but with an elaborate finish that is almost too sweet and polished, and a calculated chiaroscuro and toning of the garden pleasure—forming the setting to the figures—that is *bien entendu* conventional, yet with rare sense of beauty, refinement, and faultlessness, Mr. Marcus Stone shows us “An Offer of Marriage” (5). A young lady has handed the letter of proposal to her aged papa or guardian, who, seated at an *al fresco* table, peruses it. As yet his expression is inscrutable; and the fair creature stands in piteous suspense, blushing, and closing her eyes, as though shutting out the dreaded possibility of refused consent. There is much technically in this picture that might be quoted by way of protest against a great deal of slip-slop work in the exhibition. Still, we should greatly prefer the painter’s manlier style of a few years’ back, in which, at one moment, he promised to achieve great things. We are sorry Mr. A. C. Gow’s ability and industry have not been better rewarded than in the elaborate composition with many figures, “Trophies of Victory” (239), from Motley’s “United Netherlands.” The defects appear to be want of concentration in the lighting and the prevalence of rusty brown. The subject is Maurice of Nassau, the Stadholder, and guests at the dinner given after the defeat of Albert of Austria, amusing themselves over the gorgeous devices and bombastic inscriptions on the standards taken from the enemy.—The Admiral of Aragon, a prisoner, was cruelly bidden to the banquet, and is seen savagely dividing an (allegorical) orange. P. R. Morris sends a pretty picture of two little girls of, say, three and five, in the most

modish of dresses, clinging, the elder to a huge beech-bole, the younger, to her sister, both frightened at the approach of a troop of fawns and deer almost as timid as themselves. The title, “Friends or Foes” (370), admits, it will be seen, of a double application. The graceful fawns are admirably done; the landscape portion is acceptable alike for brilliance of colour and facile execution; but the artist should really give more study to his red and white baby faces, of which there are others here and at the Grosvenor. Mr. Morris is capable of more serious work than this; but, like many others, he has only once done himself justice since his induction into the Royal Academy.

Returning to painters within the pale of longer standing, Mr. F. Goodall sends a largish picture of a Cairo Coffee-shop (322), with customers seated cross-legged on the divans, within a lattice mashabieh, smoking their narghilehs, and sipping their coffee from small receptacles like egg-cups, while a musician near the stove of the purveyor discourses sweet music on a tam-tam, or some equally primitive instrument, and a fresh arrival alights from the camel outside. Mr. Goodall is one of the most correct and agreeable of our painters; and one of the few Academicians on whom we should not much fear a foreign verdict. Yet the impression his rendering of Eastern life conveys has little of the sense of a reality, stark, blinding, grim, and full of almost outré character that we find in the works of Gérôme, Decamps, and a score of French painters, and, above all, in those of Verlat and the Viennese, Müller. The diffused light in this coffee-shop may be attributed to the white walls; but the painter’s suave feeling, if allowable in a Bible illustration, induces, we suspect, a too euphemistic statement of fact. We have too much respect for Mr. Poynter—for his always careful workmanship and painstaking research—not to challenge his “Psyche” (191), for its astonishingly faulty foreshortening of the head, the leathery flesh, and the incongruous Renaissance hall in the background—intended, we suppose, for Cupid’s palace. Is this really the painter’s ideal of Psyche? Has he never seen the lovely fragment in the Naples Museum? “The Ides of March” (260), from Shakspeare’s “Julius Caesar”—Cæsar and Calphurnia discussing the comet portent seen in the sky from their house on the Palatine—is a more worthy performance, though the dramatic interest is much sacrificed by turning the interlocutors’ backs upon us, and the sky is not good. It was, however, a singularly happy and imaginative invention to place the hand-lamp on the pedestal below the bust of Julius. Not only is the contrast of artificial light with that of the sky thus secured, but the abnormal shadows thrown upwards from the bust against the wall and from other objects in strange directions, seem to echo or be echoed by the ominous signs without.

Mr. Leslie’s picture—a girl taking the opportunity of hanging clothes to dry to pluck apples and give to her companions, called therefore “Daughters of Eve” (305), has the customary breadth of pleasant warm, light, middle-tint, upon which the artist counts too much. But the subject is trivial, and, to say sooth, some of the execution is almost puerile. Mr. Pettie is drifting towards wreck fast, with his bravura of handling, his neglect of gradation, sobriety, repose, drawing, and modelling. Is that a worthy theme in No. 471, where we see in the hollow of a blinding bare mass of sandpit, a scarlet-clad warrior and a bloated old Franciscan breaking a fowl’s breast-bone between them, while a jester sprawls grinning on the ground near the black-puddings and other comestibles—hence called “The Jester’s Merrythought”? “The Ransom” (341) is much better; but is not the glare on the brigands—to bring out the sparkle on the captain’s armour and the silver crown pieces—distinctly melodramatic and vulgar? The little girl clinging to the aged prisoner within the cave is, however, natural and in good taste. A single figure of an Elizabethan dandy—“Dost know this Waterfly?” (261)—is Mr. Pettie’s best performance this year. It was a new thing in art practice this handling of Mr. Pettie, and which may also be found in the works of Messrs. Orchardson, McWhirter, Peter Graham, and Macbeth. The free and easy conventional strokes of the sketch are introduced into what should be the finished picture—strokes which may represent collectively colour and effect, but which individually show little perception or knowledge of form and modelling, and collectively often fail to show much more.

THE VERLAT GALLERY.

The celebrated series of pictures painted in Egypt and the Holy Land by the eminent Antwerp artist, Professor Charles Verlat, are now on view at the old gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 53, Pall-mall. In our first notice of the Royal Academy Exhibition we announced the advent of these very remarkable works; and we drew attention to the fact that some of the most remarkable pictures now at Burlington House—those, for instance, by Messrs. Logsdail, Van Haanen, and the followers of the latter—owe some of their best characteristics to the teaching of M. Verlat. No one interested in contemporary art, if he has not seen the works in Paris, Brussels, or Antwerp, should fail to make acquaintance with these pictures by M. Verlat in Pall-mall. We greatly regret that we are unable this week to give them the *accueil* that is their due. We trust, however, that we shall have space in our next number to do some justice to the extraordinary power they display, and the instructive, rightly-placed realism employed in the treatment of the subjects and sites—than which none more momentous and deeply interesting can be imagined—which are comprised in this unique collection.

Mr. Frith’s celebrated series of pictures, “The Road to Ruin,” are on view at Mr. Mendoza’s, King-street, St. James’s—whose premises have lately been rebuilt, and are henceforth to be entitled “The St. James’s Gallery.” The collection at this gallery also includes good examples of Heywood Hardy, P. R. Morris, Hamilton Macallum, E. Nichol, J. Pettie, J. MacWhirter, J. Webb, Leader, Gianmetti, O. Achenbach, and other favourite painters, English and foreign. There is likewise a curious “realistic painting” by W. Goodman, much of the still-life painting in which is clever, representing the window of a printseller’s shop.

At Mr. Lefèvre’s neighbouring gallery, in the same street, a series of important works by Rosa Bonheur, painted at different periods, may be seen. A better opportunity for refreshing one’s impressions of the eminent artist is not likely to be afforded.

The question of the relative claims of etching and engraving to rank as fine arts will be brought before the Society of Arts by Mr. Seymour Haden in a paper to be read on the 30th inst.

The remaining works left by Dante Rossetti at his death were sold last Saturday by Messrs. Christie. There were only a few pictures, but these, although unfinished, brought very high prices; while the studies in chalk, pencil, and pen and ink also sold for considerable sums. The sale realised £4692.

Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of Regent-street, has published an excellent chromo-lithograph of “The Indian Contingent engaged with the British Forces in the Egyptian Campaign, 1882,” from the original drawing by Orlando Norie, in possession of the Duke of Connaught.

GROSVENOR GALLERY EXHIBITION.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Mr. W. B. Richmond is an artist specially identified with this gallery in recent years: we may therefore fittingly resume our review with observations on his works. They are all portraits, but on former occasions the artist has by no means limited himself to portraiture, he has tried his hand on large mythological or scriptural and decorative subjects; and on life-size sculpture (he sends a model of a bust here now), as well as in various manners and with divers effects in painted portraits—recalling in turn some master of the Florentine, Venetian, or Roman school—even Michael Angelo himself. We must sympathise with and respect this ambition; though ambition should be less imitative; and ambition should measure its resources more carefully than the artist has occasionally done, for his success has been very unequal. The accustomed variety, and, we must add, inequality, we again encounter in the present portraits. The full-length, in a post of honour in the Large Room, of Miss Nettie Davies, lying with her book and her dog, is sweet in expression, and the dark hair, deep brown plush dress, hat, and feather make sober, rich colour; but the landscape greens are heavy, and the execution is too smooth for the scale. In entire contrast to this is the half-length in profile of Lady Mary Glynne, in bridal dress, standing before a pale buff Japanese screen (85). This is distinctly decorative in motive, in a very light key. The artist has forgotten all about the old masters; and we are glad to add that it is certainly the most original, if not the best, work we have seen from his hand. There are other portraits of merit by him; but then we come to such an example as No. 183, which is positively astonishing in its obvious defects of draughtsmanship and modelling. Mr. Collier’s group, “Three Sisters” (164), does not do him justice; and we fail to see the *raison d'être* of his “Pharaoh’s Handmaidens” (151)—three handsome, nearly nude female figures—unless it be to show that he can paint dusky Egyptian flesh more solidly and of warmer, deeper hue than Mr. Long. To complete our remarks on the portraits, we have to note with surprise a seated half-length, by L. Calkin—a name almost new to us—of Herr Wolff (185), the painter of natural history, which, for resemblance, for truth of colour in the carnations, and refinement of modelling, could not easily be matched. Also another able portrait, unnamed (226), by H. H. Lathangue, is distinguished by style, in a French manner.

There are a few small gems here which should not be overlooked—to wit, some of E. J. Gregory’s exquisite Venetian studies; Mr. Calderon’s nude female bather (82), which awakes a regret that the artist does not forsake his large decorative schemes and devote his attention to work in which he could display the same care and loyalty to nature that he has shown here; another nude female study, by Van Haanen (91), probably only a school exercise, and scarcely finished, but not the less interesting on that account, inasmuch as it affords a glimpse into the process by which the young master obtains the rich inner glow of his flesh: at all events, guiltless of any sweetening and polishing away from the model of which, perhaps, Mr. Calderon’s lovely figure is not wholly innocent; and Mrs. Alma Tadema’s charming and admirably-painted little costumed lady in a doorway, called “May I Come In?” (8). W. H. Bartlett continues to show the bracing influence of his study among the Parisian realists. His larger picture (178) of children, about a boat, bathing in the Lagoon of Chioggia, is, perhaps, more brilliant and strong than anything he has done; but it was his training probably that prevented his finding any touch of beauty in the figures whose character he has so forcibly rendered. “Hay-time” (126), by G. Clausen, reveals, in the figures of the girls with their rakes, similar insensibility to beauty; and the manner also is distinctly French, though of a different school—i.e., that of Lepage and Manet, whose works, remarkable as they are for their daylight aspect, are apt to be flat in effect and negative in colour. The aims of this school are widely different from those of J. F. Millet, the most remarkable of French painters of peasant life. Their works, though now in vogue, are poor and thin and commonplace beside Millet’s massive forms and full tones, to say nothing of his grandiose conception, his noble sentiment and pathos. E. F. Brewtnall’s “A Fairy Tale” (42), with children of a smaller or “larger growth,” is delightful, and the artist is a colourist, though here his colouring is a little too strong in the shade. J. R. Reid’s picture of an old salt seated on a sea-wall overlooking a cove, telling his “Yarn” (154) to a couple of children, has the merits—strong character and effect; and the defects—exaggeration and paintiness, of a section of the Scotch school.

We must, perchance, pass hurriedly H. Holiday’s rather disappointing picture of Beatrice denying her salutation to Dante (165); D. Carr’s terrible “At the Doors of ‘La Force’—Paris, 1792” (140); E. M. Hale’s “Psyche before Venus” (22); the pleasant little pictures of English life by E. Barclay; C. E. Hallé’s “Youth and Age” (9); and “A Greek Artist” (45), an able little picture by L. Glaize. Sir Coutts Lindsay has exhibited nothing so advanced, technically, as “A Japanese Girl” (55). There is a large, striking picture at the end of the large room, by Mr. Nettleship, a painter with a rare knowledge of wild animals, but whose technical powers have not before enabled him to so fully express his knowledge, and the dramatic imagination by which it is informed. It is entitled “Blind,” and represents an old lion grown sightless—though his eyes seem to scintillate even more terribly with the cataracts that whiten the pupils—feeling his way painfully among rocks on the verge of a precipice. He still holds his majestic head erect, though a pack of hideous hyenas, instead of waiting for his leavings, sneak close upon him, anticipating a meal of his carcass. W. Hughes is happier than ever with his decorative panels. He deals this time with flowers—“Old Nipon” (163), and “New Japan” (168), in delicate, truly “aesthetic” harmony with their green-gold ground. More important, and more novel in treatment, is the larger picture, with the sounding title, “Juno’s Favourites” (209), of a peacock and peahen seated on a wall. The tail of the male bird is superbly painted, and forms a splendid combination with the gold ground of the wall, and the silver that stands for sky, and which, glazed over a prepared texture, has a wavering lustre of great beauty. Mr. Hughes has clearly a rare decorative faculty. Some admirable flower pieces by W. J. Muckley are also to be commended.

Turning to the unnoticed landscapes, we have to record the success as an oil painter, of Mr. A. Parsons, hitherto known chiefly in water colours. His greens are apt to be too heavy in tone, but except in that respect he is entitled to warm praise. The garden pleasure in No. 33, with its chequer of sun and shade, and its skilfully touched flowers, is delightful, and equally enjoyable is the open scene with an ancient hawthorn in full bloom (51). Talking of flowers, how exquisitely touched-in is the wealth of wild blooms in J. W. North’s “Early Summer” (76)! If the mosses and their gradations were as good as the foreground, this would be a perfect gem. “A Pastoral” (12), by W. J. Hennessey, is another pleasant spring idyl. No. 18, by E. Parton, is impressive; and so, in another line, is C. E. Holloway’s “The Old

Wellesley" (7). "The Beech Nutters" (29), by W. S. Jay, is a meritorious woodland landscape, with wood-pigeons discussing the mast. "Old Putney Bridge" (195), by C. Napier Hemy, is a strong piece of work; and we have never seen Sir Robert Collier to so much advantage as in his "Deserted Pond" (36). Mr. Whistler's "Nocturnes" (111 and 115) come in as pleasant grave notes—a word, accepting the artist's musical nomenclature, almost sufficiently descriptive of them, so monotonous are they; but the "note" is *sympatico* in quality and *timbre*. Miss Clara Montalba's "Cement Works on the Thames" (203) has an actuality as well as a beauty of colour which may be preferred to her more poetical Venice picture at the Academy. E. H. Fahey's views on the Yare at "Mid-day" and "Evening" (112 and 95) are, despite the rather hard and mechanical execution, among the most noteworthy works of their class here, in virtue of their truthful observation and extremely broad and skilfully gradated sober effects and tonality. Keeley Hallswell's large picture of "Royal Windsor" (56) challenges criticism with its deft and bold pretentiousness that it will not bear. The impossibly glassy water and the water-plants are done by a too-familiar recipe. To make an effective sky, the clouds of different regions, cumuli, cirrus, cirro-cumuli, and mist-strata are jumbled together in "admired disorder"; the colour is not much more than black and white—telling, of course; but exaggerated and vulgar, and not likely to satisfy those observant of the infinite play of hues in nature. Mr. H. Moore is also, we fear, falling into self-iteration and manufacture with his sea pieces. The large "Tide-Race in a Summer Breeze" (146) has little of the magic of early works. The sea is less liquid, too blue, and the movement suggests the theatre and the studio.

In the water-colour room, excepting drawings by Messrs. Done, Tristram Ellis, and Melville, and some elaborate but really too puerile fancies by R. Doyle, there is little requiring notice. And among the sculpture we need name only the sketch models of Messrs. Boehm and M'Lean and Count Gleichen.

Mr. Ruskin, the Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, gave a lecture last Saturday afternoon in the large lecture hall at the Museum on "The Materialistic and Mystic Schools of Painting." He stated in the outset that he was particularly anxious not to allow himself to be drawn into the temptation of making his public lectures popular or entertaining, as they were solely working lectures for the practical benefit of his students. He defended himself against the criticisms which had been passed upon his last lecture, in which he had used the word "materialism" as applied to painting visible subjects and illustrating the employments of worldly life. He referred to Vandyck's picture of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" in the National Gallery, remarking that it was drawn in such a way one would think the painter had wanted to wipe his brush clean. This was a specimen of the Dutch school of painting, a school of which he did not greatly approve. On the other hand, he spoke of Millais' picture of "Caller Herrin'" as a noble painting, and said that the spectator in gazing at it could not but look first at the herrings on account of their truthful representation. The Professor spoke of Mr. Burne Jones as the greatest painter of Greek mythology, and classed Mr. Morris and Mr. G. F. Watts as eminent exponents of that class of art. The lecture was exceedingly well received by the large audience, which consisted solely of members of the University, the unusual step being taken of making admission by ticket. Mr. Ruskin stated that he proposes to remain in Oxford until the end of the present month to personally superintend the classes, and he hoped that the real students would go to his galleries to receive formal instruction from himself and Mr. Macdonald, and to be told which lectures they should attend and which they should not.

The bust of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which was executed by Count Gleichen, with the sanction of her Majesty, for the Beaconsfield Club, has been removed from the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, at Knightsbridge, to the Beaconsfield Club, and placed in a niche prepared for it leading to the morning room of the club.

THE BANK HOLIDAY IN LONDON.

So far as London and its immediate neighbourhood were concerned, the weather on Monday was anything but favourable for the enjoyment of the vast numbers who go out in quest of recreation and amusement on Bank Holiday. Rain fell continuously, but not heavily, during the greater part of the day. In spite, however, of the gloomy sky and intermittent rain, large numbers of persons visited the various places of attraction, and notably the Fisheries Exhibition, where more than 40,000 passed the turnstiles.

Thousands of volunteers were hard at work at Aldershot, Sheerness, Wormwood-scrubbs, Wimbledon, and elsewhere.

The annual gathering of Scottish athletes in aid of the funds of the Scottish charities was held at Stamford-bridge Grounds, among the spectators being the Duchess of Athole, the Earl of Kintore, Lord and Lady Macdonald, and Lord and Lovat. Lady Lovat distributed the prizes to the winners.

Nearly 4000 representatives of temperance, trade, and friendly societies of the metropolis assembled on the Victoria Embankment, and marched to Hyde Park, where, under separate chairmen, at various stations, meetings were held, and resolutions passed in favour of closing public-houses in London on Sunday. A similar demonstration of members of South London temperance societies took place in the grounds of Lambeth Palace.

Then there was a demonstration, in a small way, in Trafalgar-square of persons who still have faith in the Claimant, and resolutions against his imprisonment were passed.

The arrangements in progress for the fifty-first annual meeting of the British Medical Association, to be held at Liverpool at the end of July, promise to lend special attractiveness to the gathering.

The Holy See has addressed a circular to each of the Irish Bishops, which the *Times* describes as a "heavy blow" to the alliance between the enemies of order in Ireland and a section of the Irish priesthood. The Supreme Pontiff, in plain, set terms, tells the Bishops that "it cannot be tolerated that any ecclesiastic, much less a Bishop, should take any part whatever in recommending or promoting" the Parnell Testimonial Fund. In the opinion of the Sacred Congregation, this fund is raised to "inflame popular passions, and as a means for leading men into rebellion against the laws." It is now laid down authoritatively by the Pope that it is the duty of all the clergy, and especially of the Bishops, "to curb the excited feelings of the multitude, and to take every opportunity to recall them to the justice and moderation which are necessary in all things." Further, it is not permitted to any of the clergy to take part in or in any way to promote movements inconsistent with prudence and with the duty of calming men's minds;—all which, with more besides, is equivalent to a formal notification from the Vatican that the agitation in Ireland ought to be suppressed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

All roads lead to Russia. When Special Correspondents (among them being the brilliant writer whose initials will for a few weeks be missed from these columns) are travelling post-haste to Moscow to be in time for the Coronation of the Czar, Mr. John Clayton "keeps touch" with the period by reviving at the Court Theatre the exceedingly effective Russian play of "The Danischeffs," attributed to a Muscovite author, whose work had the advantage of being made presentable on the stage by M. Alexandre Dumas the Younger. As reproduced at the favourite little theatre in Sloane-square, "The Danischeffs" is admirably acted by the majority of the company. Indeed, Miss Louise Moodie's really fine and excellent realisation of the character of the Russian grande dame, who regards the people round her like chessmen, to be manipulated by her with the art of a Zukertort, alone forms a vivid dramatic study worth a visit to the Court to see. The rôle of the abnormally devoted hero, Osip, who smothers his affection for his wife, and lives apart from her, yet under the same roof, in order that his young master may on his return win her love, is resumed with unabated power, which tells the better from the quiet force with which each point is made, by Mr. John Clayton, the original representative of the part. The cool and polished Countess Danischeff has a fiery, impulsive son in Mr. H. B. Conway, who makes but one mistake as the dashing representative of Count Vladimir Danischeff. Mr. Conway may be counselled to soften and tone down the open and loud denunciation of his mother in the drawing-room of the Valanoff Palace at Moscow. Such transports may be tolerated in a transpontine playhouse, but are certainly out of place in a West-End theatre whereat a laudable endeavour is made to mirror Nature. Miss Marion Terry is as graceful and winsome as ever as the witching Anna, who captivates the Count and Osip, and is compelled to marry the liberated serf. commendably light and airy is Miss Charlotte Addison as Princess Lydia. Mr. Arthur Cecil is incisive, as usual, as Roger de Talde, but not particularly like a French Attaché; whilst Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. H. Kemble make such good character bits of Prince Boris and Zakaroff that it is a pity they do not figure more prominently in "The Danischeffs."

The tintinnabulation of "The Bells" was temporarily heard once again at the Lyceum on Saturday evening last instead of the gay banter of Beatrice and Benedick in Mr. Henry Irving's superlatively grand and beautiful revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." Let it be at once said that, in consequence of the forthcoming reproduction of the favourite pieces of the Lyceum repertory prior to Mr. Irving's departure for America, the charming raillery and delicate humour of "Much Ado About Nothing," and the series of magnificent tableaux which are deservedly the admiration of all beholders, cannot be enjoyed after June 1; and that the performance of the comedy on May 31 is likely to be a memorable one, inasmuch as it will be for the benefit of Miss Ellen Terry, whose fascinating Beatrice will not soon be forgotten by the playgoers of to-day. Meantime, the weird drama of "The Bells" (skillfully adapted by Mr. Leopold Lewis from MM. Erockmann-Chatrain's powerful story of "The Polish Jew") deserves to be seen on the nights it is to be repeated (Saturday) May 19, and Saturday the 26th inst., by reason of the greater finish and additional force Mr. Irving's great impersonation of the conscience-stricken Mathias has gained. It was this dramatic tour de force which first made Mr. Irving's fame. A whole chapter would be required to do justice to the almost innumerable touches of art, which stamp this creation with the hall-mark of genius. The superb performance has been rounded and mellowed by time. The furtive look round in the old Alsation inn when Walter on Christmas Eve recalls the murder of the Polish Jew many years back—the conscience-smitten expression that steals over his worn face at every recurring sound of the sleigh-bells—his surprisingly natural fall when the picturesque vision of the Polish Jew in his sledge passes before him—the subtle play of light and shade on his countenance whilst he is urging Christian to hurry on his marriage with Annette—and the startling reality of his acting in the gloomy dream-scene of his own trial for the murder he committed: a masterpiece of scenic illusion as well as a histrionic triumph—are points of Mr. Irving's delineation of Mathias which will be long remembered. The revival of "The Bells" is strengthened in other respects, the Burgomaster being excellently supported by Mr. Terriss (who makes a fine gallant, by-the-way, in Planché's opening piece of "The Captain of the Watch") as Christian; by Miss Pauncefort as Catherine, by Mr. Carter and Mr. Johnson as Walter and Hans, by Miss Harwood as Sozel, and, above all, by a charmingly natural Annette in Miss A. Colridge. Mr. Irving has done well to choose "The Bells" in which to make his début in the United States.

The Gaiety, noted for its matinées, never had a benefit performance better deserved than that of Tuesday. It was on behalf of Mr. Edward Royce, who was wont to set the house in a roar by his grotesque and energetic acting in burlesques, but whose bright career has been cut short by paralysis. Over £1300 will be realised by Mr. Royce from the Gaiety entertainment, which was witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. E. Terry delivered the graceful tribute to Mr. Royce's powers written by Mr. H. S. Leigh.

Patrons of the theatre may, not unreasonably, think there are far too many matinées nowadays. But one is fixed for Tuesday, May 29, having good claims for support. This is the attractive morning performance which is to take place then at Drury Lane Theatre (liberally lent by Mr. Augustus Harris) for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

Miss Cowen, with reason held in high favour for her remarkable elocutionary skill, on Tuesday evening must have added considerably to the number of her admirers by the series of eloquent recitations she delivered to admiration at the Steinway Hall.—A recruit to the ranks of the reciters, Mr. F. B. Chatton, was announced to repeat his recitals from Dickens at St. James's (smaller) Hall on Thursday.

The Surrey, true to its reputation for rousing melodrama, celebrated Whit Monday in approved fashion. To celebrate the fifty-fourth anniversary of the production at the old Surrey of Douglas Jerrold's favourite play of "Black-Eyed Susan," and to enable old playgoers to brush up their recollections of T. P. Cooke as William, the famous naval piece was revived. The popular holiday was further kept by the production of a new, or rather a renovated, drama by Mr. Paul Merritt, Past Master of the knack of contriving telling situations on the stage. What a wonderful knowledge of the dark side of human nature Mr. Merritt must possess! The machinations of the two arch-villains in "The Hidden Million" form a stirring story; and the sensation scene of "The Chasm Over the Mask," wherein the murderers in hiding fall foul of the two travellers in search of the hidden treasure, and afterwards quarrel over the spoil, makes a most effective close to the first act. One actor, Mr. Edward Sass, distinguished himself by the skill with which he doubled the parts of the good and wicked brothers, "The Man in the Cave" and Lawrence Selwyn; and Mr. T. F. Nye proved sufficiently cool as the villainous Captain

Fox Lennox, who, having become wrongfully possessed of "The Hidden Million" on the coast of Antrim, schemes to gain at one and the same time the hand of the legitimate heir's betrothed, and the estate of her father. With singular terseness is the plot revealed. "The Hidden Million" is acted with spirit throughout; and has a charming heroine in the Grace Selwyn of Miss Susie Vaughan, a sister of Miss Kate Vaughan.

A promising venture is to be made this (Saturday) evening at the Folies Dramatiques—folly, indeed, to give such a Parisian title to a London theatre! Straus's comic opera of "Prince Methusalem," libretto by Mr. H. S. Leigh, is the novelty.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Rendered all the more welcome by the return, since Whit Monday, of the ethereal mildness of Spring, the brief Whitsun-tide recess will be over for the Commons on Monday, and will terminate for the Lords next Thursday. Not without its lessons, for both the Ministry and the Opposition, was the last week prior to the adjournment. It was a palpable error of judgment on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose that the collection of the Income Tax should be transferred from the local officers to the Inland Revenue officers. The Circumlocution Office has not yet outgrown the obloquy Dickens heaped upon the supercilious Civil Servants, who vouchsafe to idle through the hours from ten to four, and not seldom exhibit a profound contempt for the public, whose wages they deign to accept. Such being the general opinion formed, not without cause, of the class of Government officials it was the intention of Mr. Childers to increase, it is surprising that the Prime Minister should have allowed the proposition to creep into the Budget. Being made, however, no wonder the House sided on May 10 with Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Slagg rather than with Mr. Childers, and cheered lustily when the Government were once more placed in a minority, the clause being rejected by 168 votes against 161. Now, the question arises in connection with a series of slight defeats of the Ministry, whether Mr. Gladstone would not serve the Government better and spare himself much fatigue by delegating the hard, wear-and-tear work of the Leadership of the House to the Marquis of Hartington, except on rare and critical occasions, reserving to himself the supreme function of a Moltke in Council. Given, the time for reflection which the Premier would thus acquire, his unrivalled political experience and unmatched knowledge of affairs should then almost ensure an avoidance of the mistakes that have of late been committed.

As it is, there is more trouble in store for the Government. A flank attack will be delivered by Mr. Howard on the Agricultural Holdings Bill, which Mr. Dodson, perhaps the least influential Minister on the Treasury Bench, introduced on May 10. Dividing improvements into three classes, the measure provides that the landlord must have given his consent in each case before the tenant could acquire a right to compensation, which, in case of dispute, would be settled by the Agricultural Holdings Act already in existence. In view of the impending bill dealing with Land Reform on a large and comprehensive basis—a measure that can hardly be postponed beyond the next Parliament, if this somewhat unbusiness-like Parliament is disinclined to grapple with the question—the wisdom of tinkering the matter is not obvious. Hence the House will scarcely be astonished when Mr. Howard, rising from the front Treasury Bench, moves the amendment rejecting the Government bill as inadequate; and when a similar motion is made against the similar measure brought in by the Lord-Advocate for Scotland.

The Prime Minister having been so eloquent in showing cause why annuities of £2000 should be granted to Lord Wolseley and Lord Alcester and their heirs, it could not have been a congenial task to him to inform Mr. Arthur Arnold on May 11 that the Government had, on consideration, decided to present the noble Lords with lump sums in lieu of annuities—viz., £30,000 to Lord Wolseley and £25,000 to Lord Alcester.

If Mr. Gladstone may have envied Sir R. Cross the cause he championed on the day of the adjournment, that of the Cuban Refugees injudiciously handed over by the Gibraltar authorities to Spain, the Premier had his consolation afterwards in the opportunity offered him by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's flippant attack on the Governor-General of India to pronounce a warm and eloquent, and eminently well-deserved eulogium upon the Marquis of Ripon's administration in India.

The recuperative powers of Mr. Gladstone are known to be as exceptional as his talents and his immense capacity for work. We may fairly hope, under these circumstances, that the wan, worn look his face has borne of late in the House will disappear during his holiday at Hawarden, where he has been enthusiastically greeted by vast throngs of excursionists. Some pregnant words Mr. Gladstone let fall on Tuesday, in reply to an address from a local Association, may well give pause to the guerrillas of the "Fourth Party," who spare no effort to vex and annoy the Premier in the House, and take ignoble advantage of his sensitively scrupulous endeavour to answer every argument. Thanking the deputation briefly for the marks of esteem tendered to him, Mr. Gladstone added that "such terms of confidence in me are especially grateful now that I can see my political career very nearly approaching its termination." A pretty strong incentive this hint should be to both Opposition and wayward Liberals to mend their manners, and abandon the obstruction which is lowering Parliament in the eyes of the public.

The Agent-General for Cape Colony sent out 181 agricultural emigrants by the German, which sailed from Southampton on the 11th inst.

The dignity of a baronetcy has been conferred upon Dr. William Chambers, the publisher of *Chambers's Journal*, who was born in the year 1800.

The foundation-stone of the new buildings for the Stock Exchange was laid, on the 10th inst., by Mr. Renton, one of the largest shareholders, in the presence of a large number of brokers and others. The site upon which the new structure is being erected is between Throgmorton-street and Old Broad-street, for which some of the most valuable property in the City has been bought, at an outlay of £100,000.

Eight persons have been killed and a great many others injured in a collision at the Lockerbie Junction of the Caledonian Railway. By some mistake, a passenger-train from Stranraer overran the signals, coming upon a goods-train a little distance beyond the junction. No one was hurt, but some overturned goods wagons blocked the line, when the mail-train from Glasgow and Edinburgh, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, dashed into the obstructing train, killing an engine-driver and fireman and six passengers.—On Tuesday evening two heavily-laden excursion-trains came into collision about one hundred yards south of the Grimsby town station. Several passengers were injured, but no fatal results are reported.



OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION: THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN THE BUILDING.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 15.

At last! This time there can be no mistake about it; the summer is coming, with all its usual Parisian accessories—cheap asparagus, profusion of wood-strawberries, dust, post-prandial excursions to the Café de la Cascade, and heat. Yesterday afternoon, at 4 p.m., the thermometer marked 79 deg. Fahr., which is fairly satisfactory for these northern climes. Thanks to the fine weather, the Whitsuntide holidays were a complete success; the Western Railway Company has taken a few thousand people to enjoy ten days at the seaside; the environs of Paris have been overrun with thousands of holiday-makers in zephyrine attire; the race-meeting at Chantilly on Sunday was ideal from the picturesque point of view, and, from the sporting point of view, a surprise, for Verte Bonne, at 20 to 1 against, won the Prix de Diane, after a magnificent race. Between Billancourt and Suresnes crowds of other holiday-makers lined the banks of the Seine to witness the great boat-race between the Seine eight and the Marne eight. The Marne won by five lengths, but rowed in poor form. And what more happened on Sunday? A tragedy naturally, a murder and a robbery. Some person or persons unknown entered the shop of a jeweller, M. Preslot, in the Gallery Montpensier in the Palais Royal, strangled the servant-maid, who was alone to guard it, and chose out of the stock some 50,000 francs worth of goods.

The second annual exhibition of the Exposition Annuelle de Peinture Internationale opened last Thursday in the gallery of the Rue de Seze. It comprises a choice collection of pictures by G. F. Watts, R.A., Colin Hunter, J. de Nittis, De Madrazo, Alfred Stevens, Leibl, Cheimovsky, Munkaczy, Whistler, Cabanel, Hébert, and Robert Fleury. The exhibition is altogether remarkable; and as it has the good fortune to be considered chic and fashionable, the Exposition de Peinture Internationale promises to be a great success. I notice on the list of the committee of patrons the names of Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Sir Richard Wallace, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and Lord Lyons.

At Saturday's sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences Mr. Herbert Spencer was elected as corresponding member by a nearly unanimous vote in the section of philosophy. In the section of political economy, Mr. Fawcett was put up as a successor to the late Mr. Newmarch, but he was beaten by M. Charles Grard, who represents Alsace-Lorraine in the Reichstag.

A statue of Edgar Quinet, by Aimé Millet, was unveiled on Monday at his birthplace, Bourg-en-Bresse, by M. Margue, Under-Secretary for the Interior.

Whenever by chance I glance over a London daily paper I am perfectly astounded at the amount of French political news telegraphed over by their assiduous correspondents. One would think that the French were occupied with nothing but politics. In point of fact, the contrary is the case; perhaps at no time since the beginning of the century have the French been more indifferent to politics than they are at present. In the cafés, in the salons, in the streets, in the railway trains, in all places private and public where men congregate, you rarely hear a word about politics; at the theatres and concert halls there are no political allusions; in the newspapers that are read by the public political matters are reported with extreme brevity; *Charivari* is no longer the political power it used to be. No; the French are occupied with their affairs and with their pleasures, and at Paris pleasure appears to predominate. M. Waddington's mission to Moscow and the expedition to Tonkin (for which the chamber has to-day, by 358 votes to 50, passed the bill for a credit of 5,000,000 francs), the law on habitual criminals (which has been voted on a first reading), the proceedings of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate in general, all these are subjects that excite the smallest interest here. The special telegraph-wire is surely an unfortunate invention; it ties a correspondent to his office and prevents him walking about the town to see what people are really doing. For the moment, the Parisians are chiefly engaged in enjoying the sunshine and complaining that the streets are insufficiently watered.

Stanley's rival, Savorgnan de Brazza, telegraphs that he has taken possession of the village of Loango and its territory, at the mouth of the Congo, and of the bay of Punta Negra, at the mouth of the Ogooné, and that he intends to establish himself strongly in these positions, which will serve as the head-quarters and basis of his future operations. T. C.

The formal opening of the Hygienic Exhibition at Berlin took place, in presence of the Crown Prince, last Saturday, exactly a year after the fire which destroyed the wooden building destined for its reception. The new building is constructed principally of iron and glass, and looks very well with its twenty-five cupolas. In the adjoining garden chalets and pavilions abound. It was originally intended to be a purely German exhibition; but Austro-Hungary has taken part in it, and there is a small sprinkling of other foreign contributions.—The Exhibition of modern German artists is attracting crowds daily, and on the 22nd inst. the unveiling of the statues of Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt in front of the University is to take place. On the 25th a dog show will be opened, at which several celebrated British specimens are expected.

A Turin jeweller has made a tiny boat formed of a single pearl, which shape it assumes in swell and concavity. Its sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. It weighs less than half an ounce, and its price is £1000.

We hear from Hamburg that some watermen fishing in the River Alster discovered at a secluded spot the dead bodies of a man and woman both tightly interlaced in the woman's mantilla. They were in full evening dress, the woman wearing her jewels. She was nineteen years old, the daughter of a wealthy and respected family. Being forbidden to marry the man of her choice, who was socially her inferior, she committed suicide with him.

It has been decided that during the festivities at Moscow only the highest Court officials will be on duty with the Emperor and Empress; all the other ladies and gentlemen of the Court will be invited as spectators. The representatives of the nobility will take part in the solemn entry at Moscow, and in the Imperial cortège on its progress from the Kremlin to the Cathedral of the Assumption. The marshals of the provincial nobility, the mayors of the principal towns, and the presidents of the municipal delegations will assist at the entry of their Majesties. Deputations of Kalmouks, Kirghizes, the Bouriates of Transbaikal, and other native populations of Asiatic Russia have arrived. A deputation of Bulgarians will present the Emperor with an emblematic group in solid gold. The feast to be given to the populace on the day of the ceremony will be prepared for 80,000 guests. The festivities accompanying the coronation of the Czar will continue until June 10. They will include state dinners, gala performances in the Opera-House, balls, reviews, a pilgrimage to a monastery, and the consecration of a cathedral.

The remains of Prince Gortschakoff, the late Imperial Chancellor, were interred at noon on Tuesday, in the Church of St. Sergius, St. Petersburg. The Emperor, several members of the Imperial family, M. de Giers, and the principal officials of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs were present.

The Earl of Dufferin left Constantinople on Tuesday afternoon for Varna, en route to England.

Fire broke out upon the steamer Singapore on Tuesday, as she was passing through the Suez Canal, near the Bitter Lakes. The mails and passengers were saved.

A terrible thunderstorm has passed over New York, and the National Storage Company's Oilworks, in Jersey City, were set on fire by lightning, half a million barrels of oil being burned. Six lives were lost.—A tornado swept across Kansas City, Missouri, on Sunday afternoon, its path being nearly three miles long and three hundred yards wide. Six lives were lost. Fifty buildings were destroyed, and 200 more were much injured. Outside the city, the path of the tempest extended fifteen miles, causing serious losses in several villages. Another tornado later in the evening almost destroyed Webb City, and Ormogo in South-West Missouri. Several persons were killed. Both these tornadoes are described as having the appearance of dark, funnel-shaped, whirling clouds.

A telegram from Durban states that the hostilities between Mapoch and the Boers continue, but no operations of importance have been undertaken. It is also reported that Cetewayo is collecting his forces to attack Ustibepu, and that Mr. H. Shepstone has been sent to Zululand to urge on the King the necessity for fulfilling the engagements entered into on his restoration. In Basutoland quiet has been restored.—At the opening of the Transvaal Volksraad, Mr. Kruger, the new President of the Republic, expressed his opinion that the time had arrived for opening negotiations with the British Government with a view to obtaining certain modifications of the 1881 Convention.

A Calcutta telegram states that an engagement has been fought between the Ameer's troops and the Shinwaris, in which the latter were defeated, with a loss of 200 killed.—Ten thousand natives have held a meeting at Calcutta, and declared that their confidence in the Government has been shaken in consequence of a Judge having recently ordered a family idol to be brought into Court.

It is stated that the rebels at Hayti have blown up a bridge with dynamite, killing 200 persons.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

Several congresses of friendly societies have been held this week.

Under the presidency of Mr. W. E. Baxter, M.P., the fifteenth annual congress of the co-operative society delegates was opened in Edinburgh on Monday. It was stated that, leaving out of view the London establishments, the total sales of the retail stores in England amounted to £13,864,498 during 1882; while the wholesale dealings throughout the same period were £3,574,095. Mr. Baxter quoted statistics showing the great progress that this movement has made within recent years, and advocated the application of the principle to agriculture, with the view to the development of those smaller industries in which we are at present distanced by the Continental nations. The right hon. gentleman cautioned the delegates against rivalry among themselves, and against the disposition on the part of originators of such undertakings to keep their profits to themselves.

The tenth anniversary of the Royal Berks Friendly Society, of which the Queen is patroness, was celebrated on Monday by a festival in Englefield Park, near Reading, the picturesque seat of Mr. Richard Benyon, the president of the association. The members were subsequently entertained at dinner by Mr. Benyon, who had also defrayed the travelling expenses of the whole of the members. Addresses were delivered by gentlemen who take an active part in the management of this flourishing county friendly society.

At Nottingham on Monday was opened the sixty-first annual conference of the movable committee of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, at which 400 delegates were present. Grand Master Walton, who presided, stated that the receipts for the year had been £761,694, being an increase of £230,360. The capital of the Unity at the end of the year was £5,291,890. Lord Carnarvon, in addressing the delegates, of whom about 400 were present, remarked that, so long as there were such societies in the country, there would be no need for national compulsory insurance.

The Grand United Order of Oddfellows began their Biennial Session at Leicester on Monday. About 250 delegates from towns in the United Kingdom assembled under the presidency of Mr. James Wood, Grand Master, of Crewe. The business comprises over 200 resolutions, many of them affecting important alterations in the rules. The Swansea district propose a graduated scale of payments and benefits by the adoption of Ratcliffe's tables, a subject which has been already warily discussed.

The Annual General Meeting of Delegates of the United Order of Free Gardeners was held at South Shields on Monday. The Grand Master said the increase of members during the year was 1379. There were 688 lodges, and eighty-three districts. The funds showed a gain of £5874. The estimated worth of the Order was considerably over £100,000.

The twenty-fifth Annual Movable Delegation of the Order of Druids was opened on Tuesday morning in the Townhall, Middlesbrough, which had been placed at the service of the Order by the Mayor and Corporation. The Grand Master of Manchester presided, and in the course of his address congratulated the delegates on having assembled in that important and extensive town to hold their twenty-fifth A.M.D. The financial position of the Order was most satisfactory. The auditors' report stated that the management accounts were correct and satisfactory, and both the general fund and the accident compensation fund showed substantial balances.

Earl Cowper has been appointed high steward of the borough of Colchester.

A party, consisting of nearly one hundred employés of the Marylebone Vestry, were entertained at a vegetarian supper yesterday week at the expense of Dr. and Mrs. Norman Kerr. The Rector of the parish and Dr. Richardson were present. The object in view was to give practical illustration of the economy with which life could be maintained on the products of the field and kitchen garden. The repast consisted of three courses, accompanied by a plentiful supply of brown bread and a cup of excellent cocoa for each guest. A "hotch-potch" soup was first served. The ingredients in this were potatoes, turnips, carrots, leeks, celery, green peas, parsley, and butter. It was palatable, and it is claimed for it that it is nutritious. The next dish was a savoury pie, made up of haricot beans, flour, onions, and butter. Then followed the sweets, in the shape of a pleasant hot mess of rhubarb, rice, and sugar. The cost of the meal was less than £1 5s., being at the rate of 3d. each person. The food was heartily enjoyed.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Since this day week the Bank rate has been advanced to 4 per cent; and though the step was on some grounds received with surprise, it is generally felt, as it invariably is, that any fault there may be is on the side of public safety; and it has certainly put a stop to the vague apprehensions which prevailed for several days previous to the change. The figures of the Bank return do not of themselves suggest adequate reason for such an extent of movement, but the Stock Exchange settlement, which was concluded last Friday afternoon, gave prominence to several dangerous features, and nothing could so quickly act upon them as still further impeding the supplies. One firm, whose transactions were of great magnitude, was entirely overthrown. The partners were originally known in association with the Barnard Banking Company of Liverpool, whose failure during the crisis of 1866 is still one of the principal events of that disastrous period. For many years past they appear to have done a large loan business with the Stock Exchange, lending upon stocks, and themselves obtaining loans upon such stocks. They are said to have made a large income out of the margin between the rate of interest they charged and the rate they paid, and also to have exacted a greater margin than they gave. Under this latter head they could, say, borrow £5500, and only lend out £5000. A number of such loan balances would, of course, create an important fund with which to speculate, if they so minded, at any time, and it appears that of late, if not always, they have so minded, and the result has been loss upon loss, and, at last, complete failure.

The Stock Exchange must be great losers, because, as most of the loans were secured, there can be little or nothing for unsecured accounts. For example, if there be £5s. in the pound, for the creditors, the totals only being considered, and it transpires in due course that nine-tenths of the claimants are fully secured, it follows that the remaining tenth can have next to nothing. But it was not only this firm, which was found awkwardly placed, and the Bank of England authorities, to whom directly or indirectly the necessitous ultimately go, decided to act with vigour. What has been done for that end is having good effect. It tells severely against weak and speculative people, but the permanent results must be in favour of strong and well-managed monetary firms and companies. The stock markets have, as regards prices, suffered severely in many directions, but the ultimate effect on them also must be good. This is now generally admitted, and no sooner was the settlement concluded than some amendment took place in several instances. There is indeed room for a reaction in favour of prices, for the reduction which has taken place during the past few weeks has been continuous, and of considerable extent. If anyone at a distance were to look first at the extent of the fall he would suppose that we were passing through some grave political or financial crisis. But on closer inspection he would have to conclude that we had only been presuming too much upon the probable course of prices, and that new speculators were one after the other retreating from positions which were becoming daily less tenable.

The fall has been distributed over most departments. The Funds have gone down as much as 1 per cent, and with them allied or similar securities have more or less moved. Foreign bonds, as not being entirely dependent upon this market, have not so completely yielded to the influences prevailing here, and it is noticeable that Mexican, the open Turkish stocks, and Imperial Ottoman Bank shares have even made some advance. The United States markets have been as much depressed as our own, and the consequence is that almost without exception their railway issues have gone back. Grand Trunk and associated securities have for many weeks, and even months, been losing ground; but the financial difficulties already referred to pressed so particularly upon them that they have again appreciably declined. As I have said, the tendency is now more favourable, and in the absence of fresh causes for disturbance it seems reasonable to suppose that after the shaking-out of the past few weeks more wholesome conditions will prevail and act favourably upon prices. Standing out from the ordinary current of business is the interest taken in Suez Canal shares, chiefly in Paris. The British shipowners, whose use of the Canal alone makes it possible for it to be kept open as a mercantile way, are discontented with the Canal and its administration on many grounds. The conveniences are inadequate, the charges are excessive, and public policy demands that we should not, politically or commercially, be at the mercy of foreign administrators. It is proposed to build a new canal, but M. de Lesseps claims to have a monopoly of canal communication in Egypt, and, with some qualifications, this seems to be admitted by legal experts to whom the original concession has been submitted. The inconvenience and impolicy of the present position is patent, and it will be surprising if, sooner or later, we do not, in our national way, bungle into something more to our liking and interest.

T. S.

The public baths at Skegness, Lincolnshire, which have been erected by a Limited Company, at a cost of £3000, were opened on Monday. They consist of fresh and salt water baths, hot, cold, Turkish, and swimming.

Under the heading "Emigration" in our last issue it was stated that a party of specially selected agricultural labourers from the neighbourhood of Spalding had recently embarked at Liverpool for Canada. We were wrong in saying that they were sent out under the auspices of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. Mr. John Jacques, who had given fifteen lectures on the subject in and around Spalding, organised the party—280 men, women, and children—took them from Spalding to Liverpool by a special train, and saw all safe on board the Allan Royal Mail Steam-ship Circassian.

An important meeting of British shipowners was held on the 10th inst. at the Cannon-street Hotel, to consider further the construction of an alternative canal across the Isthmus of Suez. It was attended by representatives of the great lines of steamers between this country and the East—the British Indian Line, the Ducal, the Orient, the Anchor, and several others, standing together for some three million tons of shipping. The meeting pronounced unanimously in favour of a second canal, and an executive committee was appointed to take steps for giving effect to the resolve.

At the festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, held on the 9th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern, subscriptions amounting to £10,510 were announced, of which £5000 was set down to London; and at the annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution, held on the same day at Cannon-street Hotel, the subscriptions amounted to £5900.—The Duke of Connaught presided yesterday week at the annual festival of the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, of which he is president. An address to the Royal president was read by one of the little girls of the asylum, and the Duke made use of it as a text from which he ably pleaded the cause of this valuable institution. The contributions amounted to £1500.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty's health is favourably, although slowly, progressing; and as now arranged she, with Princess Beatrice, will go to Balmoral next week for a short stay. Drives are taken every day by the Queen, and various audiences have been given; her Majesty also a few days since performed the ceremony of knighting Staff Captain Alfred Balliston, commanding the Alberta, on his retirement, after upwards of thirty-four years' service in the Royal yacht, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice being present. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. Randall T. Davidson had interviews with her Majesty yesterday week. The Hon. Lady Biddulph dined with her Majesty. Princess Beatrice, who came to town for the Queen's Drawingroom, visited the Duchess of Cambridge after the Court, returning to Windsor the same evening. Princess Christian has dined and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein have lunched with the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany have been on a visit since their return from Paris last Saturday. Divine service was performed at half-past ten on Whit Sunday morning in the Oak Room, the Queen and Royal family and the members of the Royal household attending. Service was also performed at noon in the private chapel. The Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, Canon of St. George's, officiated, and administered the holy communion. Her Majesty kindly allowed the state apartments of the castle to be open to the public for a couple of hours on Whit Monday and Tuesday. Princess Beatrice drove to Farnborough on Tuesday and visited the Empress Eugénie. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh came from town to dine with her Majesty, and to take leave previous to their departure for Moscow. Princess Beatrice has visited the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

At the Drawingroom held at Buckingham Palace on the 10th inst. by the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Queen, nearly 350 presentations were made to her Royal Highness. The Prince and Princess of Wales were escorted to and from the Palace by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, guards of honour of which regiment and of the Coldstreams were mounted at the Palace, the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard being there on duty. Other members of the Royal family attending the Court were Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn, and the Duke of Cambridge.

The Princess of Wales wore a corsage and train of embossed white velvet lined in satin duchesse, over a jupe of pearl white satin, embroidered in pearls looped with a single large white rose and leaves. A tiara of diamonds, and Indian ornaments of emeralds, pearls, and diamonds.

Princess Christian's train and corsage were of red velvet over a petticoat of red satin, draped with black Brussels lace, fastened up with red poppies, and trimmed with red and gold embroidery. A diamond tiara, and diamond, emerald, and pearl ornaments.

Princess Beatrice's train and bodice were of shot pink and green moiré; petticoat of pale green satin de Lyon, draped with Brussels lace and branches of chestnut-blossoms; diamond stars in her hair, and pearl ornaments.

The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a train of ivory satin brocaded with maroon velvet feathers, lined with ivory satin and trimmed with ruchings of maroon satin, corsage corresponding; with large ruby and diamond brooch and ruby and diamond stars; petticoat of ivory satin embroidered in antique design, and white jet trimmings. Ruby and diamond brooch, and necklace and earrings of the same jewels. The usual Orders, feathers, and veils were worn by each of the Princesses.

The opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, as herein illustrated, was performed by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, last Saturday; his Royal Highness being accompanied by the Princess and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales. Princess Christian, the Dukes and Duchesses of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar were at the ceremonial.

The next Drawingroom will be held by the Princess of Wales next Monday. Her Majesty's birthday, which is next Thursday, will be celebrated in town, as usual, the following Saturday. A Levée will be held by the Prince of Wales, on the Queen's behalf, on the 28th inst.; and the first state ball of the season is fixed for the 29th inst., at Buckingham Palace, where the first state concert will take place, on June 13.

The Prince of Wales has presided over various meetings, including a special one of the Governors of Wellington College, at Marlborough House; the "Dean Stanley Memorial" Fund Committee, in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey; and of the Executive Committee of the International Fisheries Exhibition, at South Kensington. His Royal Highness dined with the Master and Corporation of the Trinity House, Tower-hill, on their anniversary; and, with the Princess, has dined with the Duke of Cambridge, at Gloucester House, their Royal Highnesses also being present at Lady Rosebery's ball, at Lansdowne House. The Duke and Duchess of Albany lunched at Marlborough House last Saturday. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Prince and Princess and their family; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Henry of the Netherlands lunched with their Royal Highnesses. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who had been on a few days' visit, returned to Portsmouth on Monday. The Prince and Princess, with their family, were at the performance at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, given for the benefit of Mr. Royce. The Prince, with Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, was at the Royal Italian Opera in the evening. On Wednesday afternoon the Prince and Princess, with Princes Albert Victor and George, attended by the suite, left town on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle. Having lunched with the Queen, they returned to town. Princess Christian, who accompanied them from London, went to Cumberland Lodge.

Princess Christian has consented to perform at the two concerts which are to be given in aid of the Royal College of Music, at the Albert Institute, Windsor, on the 26th inst.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were at the Countess of Cork's dinner and evening party in Grafton-street recently. The Duchess has been to the Court Theatre; and on Tuesday she visited the Royal Hospital for Children and Women in Waterloo-bridge-road. As she was conducted through the wards she distributed fruit and flowers to the patients. On leaving, her Royal Highness accepted a basket of flowers from Miss Eva Kestin, daughter of the secretary.

The Duke of Connaught presided a day or two since at a meeting, held at 20, Arlington-street, of the committee for the erection of an English church at Berlin in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Crown Princess of Germany. The Duchess inspected King's College Hospital last Saturday, especially the Partia Ralli Ward, for little children. Their Royal Highnesses have been to the Haymarket and the St. James's Theatres. The Duke took part in a sham fight at Aldershot on Tuesday.

A meeting of the St. Giles's Christian Mission at Exeter Hall is announced for Tuesday evening, the 29th inst., when remarkable testimony will be given by a number of rescued men. This excellent society is about to erect another iron room outside Wandsworth Jail, on ground granted by the Home Office authorities, where they purpose meeting every discharge of men each day and carry on precisely the same noble reclaiming work as at Coldbath-fields and Holloway.

THE CHURCH.

Her Majesty has appointed the Rev. Randall T. Davidson to the deanery of Windsor, vacant by the death of Dean Connor.

The Duke of Buccleuch has sent £500 to the Manchester Cathedral Restoration Fund, which now amounts to £20,000.

The post of organist and choirmaster at York Minster has become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Monk, who held it twenty years.

Dr. Wilkinson was on Tuesday enthroned as Bishop of Truro, in succession to Dr. Benson, by the Bishop of Exeter, in the Pro-Cathedral, St. Mary's Church, Truro.

The Dean and Chapter of Salisbury Cathedral have just arranged for a diocesan festival on an extensive scale. It is expected that about 4000 singers will be present. The date has been fixed for Thursday, May 29, 1884.

The Rev. Charles Wellington Furse, M.A., of Halsdon House, Devon, Principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, has been appointed to the canonry of Westminster, in the place of the late Archdeacon Jennings.

A lady, a friend of the Dean of Lichfield, has sent him £25 in aid of the fund for the restoration of the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, as a thank-offering for the result of the division in the House of Commons upon the Affirmation Bill.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was on the 10th inst. entertained at dinner in Willis's Rooms by his former schoolfellow and other gentlemen since connected with King Edward's School, Birmingham. The Bishop of Durham presided, and there was a large attendance.

The Bishop of Exeter has issued a special appeal to all his clergy, urging them to pay greater attention to the religious education of the young. The present time he regards as especially critical, and says he is sure that the character and position of the Church for generations to come will depend upon what they now do for religion.

An Old English Fair was held last week at Macclesfield, in aid of a fund for restoring the parish Church of St. Michael, which was founded by Queen Eleanor in 1278, and of which the Rev. E. C. Turner is the present Vicar. The bazaar was opened by Colonel Legh, M.P., and it proved a great success the receipts amounting to £1850. The first section of the work will be proceeded with at once.

The yearly flower sermon at St. Katharine-Cree, Leadenhall-street, was preached on Tuesday evening for the thirty-first time by the Rector (Rev. Dr. Whittemore). There was a crowded congregation, including children from the Sailors' Orphanage, Dock-street, Whitechapel, Mount Hermon Orphanage, Kilburn, and Aldgate Ward Schools; and a pleasing effect was produced by most of the persons present carrying flowers, which were afterwards sent to hospitals.

Yesterday week the foundation-stone of a new church at Peckham was laid by Archdeacon Richardson, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The new edifice, which is situated in Harder's-road, Queen's-road, is intended to supplement the work of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, mother church of a large and populous district. When finished it will represent a practical development of the Bishop of Rochester's Ten Churches Scheme. A sum of £3000 has been voted from the Bishop's fund towards the cost of the new structure, and this has been supplemented by a subscription of £1000 from the City churches.

Mr. G. G. Adams, sculptor, of Sloane-street, is engaged upon the marble mural monument to the Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, late Dean of Windsor, to be erected in the church, Stratfieldsey, of which parish he was eighteen years Rector. The commission is from the Duke of Wellington.—A painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been placed in Tarrington church, near Ledbury. It is given by his sons in memory of the Rev. John Winter, who reached the patriarchal age of ninety-three years.—Mr. W. Liversidge, J.P., of Selby, is about to place in Selby Abbey Church a painted-glass window (of four lights) representing the Founders of the Abbey.

The Anniversary Festival Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy Corporation took place last week in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding. A large number of the supporters of the institution was present, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and several members of the Episcopal Bench, besides many clergymen. The institution has been in existence two hundred years, and during all that time it has steadily pursued its course of doing good where good was imperatively demanded. In 1882 the Corporation had assisted 245 clergymen to the extent of £4000. It gave 712 pensions to widows and daughters of clergymen, thus expending £14,800; and it had assisted 233 widows and daughters of clergymen with donations amounting to £1600; it had educated children to the extent of £2500, and it had apprenticed boys and girls to the extent of £1400. Not the least benefit which this institution conferred consisted in the education of orphan children, but he regretted to say that last year it had been able to distribute only £24,300. The amount at the afternoon service was £185, at the dinner £370, the donations from the thirty-seven stewards amounted to £1102, and the donations during the year to £4180.

The Baroness Lionel de Rothschild has made a reduction of 15 per cent on the past half-year's rents of the tenants on the Gunnersbury estate.

There was a large gathering of excursionists in the grounds of Hawarden Castle on Tuesday, when an illuminated address was presented to Mr. Gladstone.

The Skimmers' Company have given ten guineas to the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Clapton; and Mrs. Allanti, of Tunbridge Wells, has presented £100 to the charity.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, in state, opened the new London Central Fish Market on the 10th inst. It abuts on the Farrington-road, covers an area of forty-four thousand feet, and has cost four hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds.

The first sham fight of the present drill season took place at Aldershot on Tuesday, the general idea of the operations being that a small force, proceeding from Portsmouth to Wimbledon, had discovered that an enemy, with a view of marching on London, had landed at Torbay, and had to be attacked and driven back.

An exciting whale chase has taken place at the Island of Walls, Orkney. A number of whales were seen spouting in the Firth separating that Island from Flotta, and immediately a fleet of small boats was manned by the islanders, who, after a keen pursuit, succeeded in driving seven of the whales ashore near Oaahole. Those captured were mostly of small size, averaging about eight feet in length.

The great Lancashire holiday was begun on Monday morning by a monster procession of Church of England school children through the streets of Manchester, numbering over 20,000. There were also several other processions, 30,000 or 40,000 children altogether, walking in the streets, which were everywhere crowded with sightseers from all parts of the North of England. The weather was beautifully fine.

THE PARIS SALON.

SECOND NOTICE.

One is often annoyed, if not oppressed, by the number of Academy studies tricked out with certain accessories and then given certain names—classical generally, if they are of the undraped order—which occur so frequently on the walls of the Salon; so that when one comes upon a genuine piece of outdoor nature peopled with models that never saw the inside of a studio, one is all the more thankful.

To this refreshing order belongs J. C. Cazin's very striking picture of "Departure of Judith" (475): it is a large work, and occupies the place of honour in Salle 24. The bastioned wall of a mediæval city, situated upon a hill, winds almost right across the canvas, and the ground between us and it is rough and sloping. In the centre, just behind, an anvil and great hammer, which lie on the ground, a tall female figure in red petticoat is seen in the act of fastening her mantle; and by the rough ladder near her, which assists the townsfolk in descending the hill of their stronghold, and the group of five people in the left, who wave her their adieu, in which act they are joined by a few stragglers on the ramparts, one can see at once that this stately-looking woman is about to go on a journey. This is Judith about to depart on the tragic mission which will involve the death of the tyrant and the freedom of her country. Yonder on the right, at an angle of the wall, is her handmaid taking hurried leave of her lover. The watch-fires here and there on the bastions speak of coming night, and of the necessity of her being beaconed back through the darkness, should she happily succeed. A dead mother and her child lie immediately in the foreground, and another lifeless figure is to be seen nearer the wall, so that the impression comes presently over us that the place is sore beset.

One would never dream that this was the setting out of Judith; but there is such an impressive and tragic air about the whole scene that one begins at once to wonder and inquire, and the moment he is told the name of the subject he sees it all. The picture has a touch of the impressionist school about it, and will, doubtless, command many votes in the awarding jury.

In this same room hang in places of honour two fine pictures by Carolus-Duran. The one is a magnificent portrait of a lady in red dress and red background—everything is red, and it is astonishing what can be made of a single colour when the pigment is used by a master. This is the same painter whose portrait of the Countess of Dalhousie attracted so much admiration in this very same room, if we remember rightly, last year, and which now hangs in the Royal Academy.

This tendency to monochrome is very noticeable this year. There is another lady all in red, only of two shades, in the next room; and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" would find several worthy companions here. White upon white is also much affected, and that by masters of repute.

Carolus Duran's other picture represents a white-bearded old ascetic on the banks of a river, which reflects the warm glow of the sky, rising half to his knees at sight of a beautiful nymph of angelic sweetness, who lets fall roses as she alights between him and the darkling rock. "Vision," the artist calls it. Another of the same order of subject, only treated quite differently, is the "Vision of St. Francis," by Chartran. St. Francis of Assisi and his companion have taken shelter in a barn, and made their bed among the straw. In the middle of the night the Saint sits up and beholds the heavenly figure of a youth entering the barn, playing on the bagpipe of the period. The radiance of the youth is finely given, and the sublimed expression of St. Francis contrasts well with the more fleshly aspect of his companion, who is palpably, if not audibly snoring at his side.

Our French neighbours appear to have great difficulty in breaking loose from the habit of indulging in disagreeable and horrible subjects. Here is a picture, for example, by H. E. Delacroix, representing the killing of a pig. The man has just used his knife, and presses his knee down on the neck of the beast, while a woman, to whom the business seems quite familiar, holds with a steady hand the basin which receives the life-stream of the creature. There are several examples of this morbid craving after subjects of an unsightly kind.

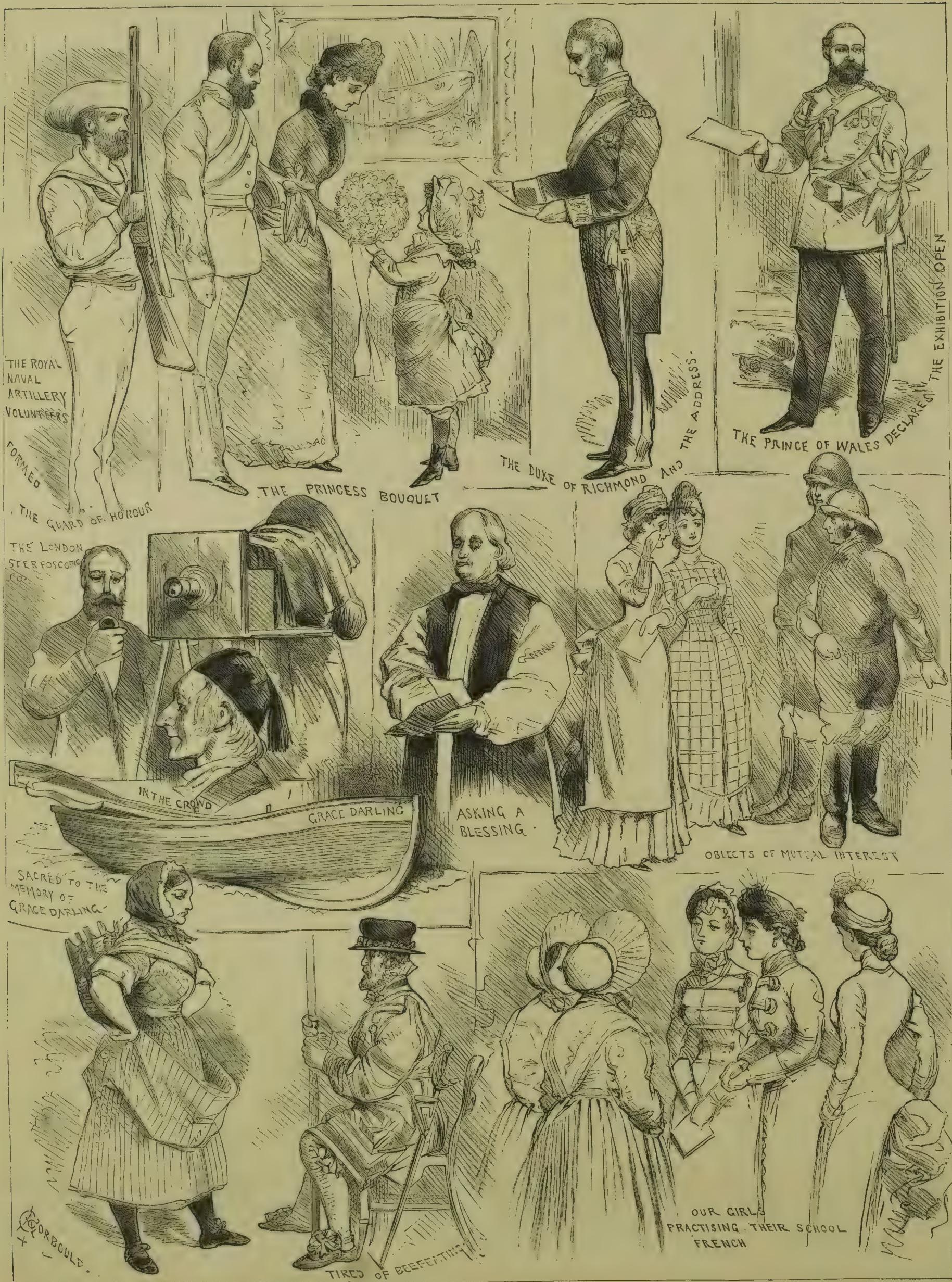
Here is Alexandre Falguères, alike famous as sculptor and painter, giving us the "Sphinx," which is indeed a great riddle to us. All we see is a number of dead bodies, semi-draped, lying in a promiscuous way in a dark rocky recess, with a skeleton and a skull for companions, and the glaring eyes of a hideous head making themselves palpable out of the "benmost" blackness. Though making no pretension to detailed finish, as he has done to his fine portrait of "Madame C," whom we behold in a rich ruby dress, leaning her jewelled hand on the couch she occupies, this Sphinx picture is one of great power, and, so far as the colour and brushwork go, worthy the man who has modelled the noble group which now crowns the Arc de Triomphe. A small model of it was exhibited by itself last year, and now the State has paid upwards of two thousand pounds to have the sculptor's large plaster casts hoisted to their place. Our readers will readily understand upon what a Titanic scale the group must be, when we remind them that the triumphal arch is some fifty-four paces broad by thirty-four deep, and nearly three times the height of our Marble Arch.

France, in the shape of a stately woman, bearing in one hand the book of the law, while with the other she holds aloft the flag of the Republic, stands her height in an antique chariot crusted round with figures in bold relief, and drawn by four horses abreast; and between each pair stands a restraining figure, and between the two pairs is a wider gap, so that the horses are spread out, and in this manner assist the composition mightily. Nothing, in short, can be finer than the proportion this group bears to the whole pile as we approach it from the Champs Elysées, and its fire and spirit must strike everyone. Approaching it from the opposite side, however, up the Avenue de la Grande Armée, but which used to be called the Avenue of the Empress, the back of the chariot and the figure of France would have had but a bald appearance, as the horses would have been too much on the other side to be seen. To remedy this, M. Falguères introduced on each side of the chariot, only some distance in its rear, two pairs of representative figures standing. These group admirably with the central figure, so that a satisfying composition meets the eye from whatever angle you approach it.

Some Parisians think the group is scarcely a large enough scale, and seem angry that the whole thing should disappear gradually as they approach the arch. They ignore the necessity there is for looking at the whole from a certain distance. But we hope the authorities will adhere to the proportions and scale set forth by the artist himself, and cast the group forthwith in bronze. A more glorious crowning of a natural height in the way of a triumphal arch does not occur in the whole history of architecture. We will resume and close our remarks on the pictures in our next communication.

J. F. R.

The Lords of the Admiralty have awarded to Mr. George Read, of Deal, late of her Majesty's Coastguard, £200, as an acknowledgment for his highly valuable invention of self-acting helm-signals for preventing collisions at sea.





1. Part of the Old Palace of the Archbishop.
5. Townhall.

2. The Old Church of Croydon.
6. North End.

3. The Archbishop's Mansion at Addington.
7. The Whitgift Schools.

4. Pub'l Hall.
8. Addington Church,

INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF CROYDON: SKETCHES OF CROYDON AND ADDINGTON.

CROYDON AND ADDINGTON.

The town of Croydon, which obtains but now its charter of municipal incorporation, is yet one of the most ancient towns in England. There was a Roman-British town, a little westward of the modern Croydon, in the direction of Beddington, but no traces of it remain in these days. It is said that some of the ruins were still visible a hundred years ago. The antiquaries of Surrey believe that a Roman road passed this way, skirting the east side of Banstead Downs, northward from the hamlet of Woodcote, and on by Waddon, towards Mitcham and Streatham. A Saxon settlement, formed in the valley below, took the name of Croindene, which is found in Domesday Book. It is thought to signify the Vale of Sheep; but, in any case, it disposes of the fancied derivation of "Croydon" from "crae," the French for chalk, and "don" or "dun," which in Celtic tongues meant a hill. The town, in fact, does not stand upon a hill, and never did. Its oldest part lies in the low ground near the sources of the river Wandle. So late as the time of Charles II. it was thus unfavourably described by a contemporary poet:—

In midst of these stands Croydon, clothed in black,
In a low bottom sink of all these hills;
And in receipt of all the dirty wrack,
Which from their tops still in abundance rills.

Why was Croydon, in those days, "clothed in black"? For the same cause as we might say that Sheffield or Wolverhampton is now. It was a place of smiths and "colliers," that is, of charcoal-burners, who were so called long before sea-coal of Newcastle came this way. "A collier of Croydon" is mistaken for the Devil in a rude old play of 1662. All over the Weald of Surrey and the Weald of Sussex, a busy iron manufacture was practised for ages, by the aid of charcoal got from the extensive forests. Croydon, only ten or eleven miles from London, thrived by this kind of industry. The manor was granted by William the Conqueror, or by Rufus, to Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury. His successors built a Palace here, and had a fine deer-park adjacent. The office of Keeper or Ranger of this park was once held by Sir William Walworth, the famous Lord Mayor of London who killed Wat Tyler, as we see in the picture at Guildhall. Croydon became a very gay place, for the rich and powerful Archbishop, almost Prince of Church and State, held a splendid Court. They entertained Kings and Queens, they showed grand tournaments, at one of which, in 1286, the Earl of Surrey's son was killed. A hundred gentlemen, sumptuously arrayed with chains of gold, walked in the train of a proud prelate, the follower of St. Augustine, of Anselm, and of St. Thomas à Becket. This went on till the Reformation, and even in the Elizabethan reign. That Queen, in 1585, enjoyed the magnificent hospitality of Archbishop Whitgift, when her favourite courtiers, Raleigh and Christopher Hatton, quarrelled for precedence in entering the palace here. Ten years before, her Majesty had visited Archbishop Parker, and had cruelly insulted his wife, pretending to think the marriage of a clergyman null and void. "Madam I may not call you," said this gracious Queen, "and I am loath to call you Mistress, but such as you are, I thank you for your good cheer." Such are the sanctified associations of the Old Palace at Croydon. Archbishop Grindall found it an unhealthy dwelling-place; Archbishop Abbot cut down the surrounding trees. It was he who loved hunting and shooting, and had the misfortune to kill a game-keeper, at Bramwell in Hampshire, mistaking the poor man for a deer.

This Palace of Croydon, built in the fifteenth century by Archbishops Arundel and Stafford, was confiscated by the Commonwealth Government after beheading "the martyred Laud." It became the residence of a Parliamentary General, Sir William Brereton. After the Restoration, it was repaired by Archbishop Juxon, and again, between 1747 and 1757, by Archbishop Herring, the military High Churchman who once figured in a soldier's red coat. In 1780, it was sold by Archbishop Sutton, and the demesne and mansion of Addington, purchased instead, became the rural abode of modern Archbishops. One of our sketches represents a gateway tower of old Croydon Palace, there remains also the chapel, used now for a school-room, and the hall, with its fine groined roof, where a steam laundry, or a calico-bleaching factory, has been established of late years. Near the Old Palace is the Old Church, that of St. John the Baptist, a fine Perpendicular Gothic edifice, of which we also present a View. It was erected by Archbishop Chichele, the prime counsellor of Henry V. in his unjust invasion of France. One of the Vicars, the Rev. Dr. Clewer, in 1684, was tried at the Old Bailey and convicted of stealing a silver cup; but most of them were very good men. The tombs of Archbishops Whitgift, Grindall, Wake, Herring, and Sheldon are found in this church.

Of Whitgift, who died in 1610, Croydon has other conspicuous memorials in his Hospital, or Almshouse, at the corner of George-street and North End; in connection with which, and from its considerable endowments, the Whitgift Schools have been founded in our own time. We give an illustration of the handsome school buildings. The modern town of Croydon, standing mostly on ground healthier and more commodious than the lower ancient part, has a population of ten or twelve thousand, and is a prosperous, improving, rather agreeable place, with suburbs containing the private residences of many London business people, who have quick railway conveyance to the City or to the West-End. Our illustrations comprise those of two principal public buildings—namely, the Townhall, erected in 1809, and the New Public Hall, in 1838; another which may be noticed is the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution.

The country walks about Croydon are delightful, whether you go south-west over the breezy Banstead Downs, or south by Purley to Riddlesdown, and the wooded hollows of Sanderstead and Farley, or eastward by Shirley to Wickham and Hayes; or to the Archbishop's pleasant home at Addington, whither our sketches now direct the reader. The distance to this last is about three miles, through inviting lanes or quiet roads to a sequestered rustic village. Alderman Trecotlick, in the time of George III., built the mansion of Addington, which the Archbishops have much enlarged. It is plain, comfortable, and fit for a wealthy country gentleman, or a nobleman of modest tastes, in which character a modern English Archbishop may well find himself at home. The manor of Addington was bestowed, after the Conquest, upon the King's cook; and the lord of the manor, if ancient custom were observed, should do homage at the Coronation with a dish of meat or pottage for the Royal feast; but this has not been done, we think, since the Coronation of George III. The village church, though of insignificant exterior, has traces of Norman architecture inside. It was the scene of Archbishop Tait's funeral eighteen months ago, when we had more to say of Addington than need be repeated upon this occasion.

The first volume of the detailed Census of 1881 was issued on Tuesday, two years and six weeks after the information was collected on the Census Day. The delay is caused by the immense multiplicity of the details into which the figures have to be distributed: but it is greatly aggravated by the complex system under which the country is divided.

NEW BOOKS.

The literature of travel since the days of Mungo Park and Bruce, from the days, one might say, of Herodotus himself, has always been regarded as that which combines in the highest degree the qualities of wholesomeness, usefulness, and delightfulness; and *The Golden Chersonese*, by (Mrs. Bishop) Isabella L. Bird (John Murray) deserves an honourable position among the works which are so justly held in such high and universal esteem. Let the index with which the volume is provided be gratefully acknowledged at the outset, more gratefully even than the map and illustrations, inasmuch as it is a rarer though not perhaps a less welcome phenomenon. And yet the map will

be found of great service, and the illustrations, if but two or three more than a baker's dozen, are noteworthy, helpful, and ornamental. And, though an apology is offered, none at all was necessary for the form in which the information is conveyed. Who would not prefer, in such a case as this, the simple, natural, photographic style in which sisters write to sisters, describing what they see and hear and do and suffer, to more elaborate, more finished, more deliberately coloured compositions, when the reality has somewhat faded, and the imagination perhaps has to make up for the deficiency of memory? In the present instance, however, it is impossible to say what additional brightness has been lost, though the brightness that remains is all that could be desired, through the melancholy event which caused the work to be prepared under the shadow of a heavy bereavement—the loss, indeed,

of that very sister to whom the letters were addressed, and whose criticisms and suggestions had been employed to abundant advantage on former occasions. Why the title that has been given was given to the book, and why, if that title should seem to savour of ambition, the seeming presumption should be excused, is satisfactorily explained in the preface, after a fashion that must disarm the most hypercritical hostility. It is not easy to state the exact limits of the area to which the title of the book is intended to apply; but, to speak roughly, we may consider it identical with what was known to the latest of the ancient geographers, Claudius Ptolemaeus and others, as *Aurea Chersonesos*, and to us as the Malay Peninsula, which is popularly confounded with the Malay Archipelago, and which has a very necessary and very instructive "introductory chapter" devoted to it. On the way to this comparatively unknown region the traveller passes along the beaten track which leads to Canton and Saigon, and the letters, therefore, contain a few remarks concerning those more frequented but by no means uninteresting or exhausted localities. And very well worth reading are the said remarks. At Canton the writer observed a practice which Mr. Payn, the popular novelist, had never heard of most probably, when he wrote "By Proxy," or he would have turned it to excellent and horrible account, when he dealt with the tortures endured by the victims of the "cangue." It appears that the poor creatures suffer agonies of hunger and thirst, since, even if they could obtain both meat and drink, "it is impossible for them to raise their hands to their mouths."

This, of course, is a rare chance for the small boys of Canton, whose "choice pastime" it seems to be "to tantalise these criminals by placing food tied to the ends of sticks just within reach of their mouths and then withdrawing them." Well might the Frenchman say of collective boydom: "that age is without pity." And it is a question whether the best of all deterrents from crime would not be an enactment leaving all

criminals to the tender mercies of the youth of the realm whom there was surely no need to corrupt, in the words of Jack Cade, by building of grammar schools. To mention a title of the many curious and amusing stories, to say nothing of the vast amount of important information, contained in the volume is not possible within reasonable limits of space, but a word or two must be said about a "grotesque dinner party," which was worthy of the late Frank Buckland, and would have charmed him beyond measure. A lady, the writer of the letters, sits down to table, and, not having been able to "change her dress," is a little vexed and alarmed to see that "covers are laid for three," as the newspapers have it, and apprehends "company." Presently, the Malay butler ushers in a large ape, a small ape, and a big retriever. The apes he conducts to chairs, solemnly, silently, respectfully, the retriever he ties to the lady's chair. The apes and the lady, or the lady and the apes, have curry, chutney, pine-apple, eggs, and bananas served to them on porcelain plates; the retriever apparently dines more after his own kind, and no doubt behaves, on the whole, much better than the apes. They, sad to relate, avail themselves of their long reach after a manner unknown in good society and not tolerated even at an American boarding-house; and how Mahmoud the bigger beats Eblis the smaller, with a Malacca cane, almost to a jelly, and dances a "break-down" of defiance in the lady's face, when she cuts a rope and releases the victim, must be read to be believed and enjoyed. Such are some of the humours of "The Golden Chersonese."

Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.'s series of biographies of eminent women, by women, a worthy project in itself, is worthily opened by "George Eliot," by Mathilde Blind. Miss Blind's treatment of this most interesting theme is a model for her successors—serious, searching, yet entertaining, omitting no material fact within her reach; elaborate in criticism, yet keeping criticism duly subordinate to biography; and, without empty rhetoric or affectation of any kind, aiming at the presentation of an accurate literary and personal portraiture. It is not Miss Blind's fault if the accessible material for George Eliot's life, reserved for a fuller biography, is as yet comparatively scanty; and she has done very much to supplement its deficiencies by original and interesting information derived from a variety of sources, especially from friends of George Eliot's youth. The little touches of reality thus obtained, though frequently trivial in themselves, contribute much to relieve the impersonality and purely literary quality which make it so much easier to criticise George Eliot than to portray her. Miss Blind's criticism, unless perhaps when "Daniel Deronda" is in question, exhibits the most perfect appreciation of her author. We are startled, however, by the absence of any reference to the "Legend of Jubal," perhaps, after "Silas Marner," George Eliot's most artistic work, and certainly the one in which the poetic and philosophic elements of her genius are most thoroughly combined.

Various alterations in the rules were agreed to at the annual meeting of the Royal Theatrical Fund on the 10th inst.; but the suggestion that dramatic authors and composers should be admitted was rejected. The total amount paid to annuitants during the year was £1856.

The Chester Town Council is considering a scheme for the abolition of the River Dee tolls. The bridge across the Dee opens direct communication with Eaton Hall and Hawarden Castle. At present a 9d. toll is charged. The Duke of Westminster has offered to contribute £10,000 towards the abolition of the tolls, one third of the entire sum required.

THE MURDER CONSPIRACIES IN IRELAND.

Joseph Mullett, being arraigned on the 10th inst. at Dublin, on the charge of conspiracy to murder, refused to plead, on the ground that his case had been prejudged by English public opinion. By direction of the Judge, a plea of Not guilty was entered; and, the jury having returned a verdict of Guilty, Mr. Justice O'Brien said it was he who planned the murders of the two jurors, Mr. Field and Mr. Barrett, and sentenced him to penal servitude for life.

Yesterday week the sitting of the Commission for the trial of the prisoners charged with conspiracy was resumed in Dublin before Mr. Justice O'Brien. Thomas Doyle and Edward O'Brien pleaded guilty to the indictments.

At the Police Court, Sylvester Kingston, Thomas Gibney, and Thomas Healy were committed for trial on the charge of conspiring to murder Joe Poole; as was also Matthias Brady, for having sent a threatening letter to one of the jurymen engaged in trying his brother, Joe Brady.

Joseph Brady, the murderer of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on May 6 last year, was hanged on Monday morning within the walls of Kilmainham Prison.

On Tuesday last Fitzharris, who has been acquitted on the charge of murder of Mr. Burke, was indicted for having been an accessory after the fact, and with having assisted in the escape of Daniel Curley and Michael Fagan, two of the convicted assassins. The trial was brought to a close on Wednesday, when Fitzharris was found guilty, and sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for life.

Bills were submitted to the City Grand Jury on Wednesday in the cases of Kingston, Gibney, and Healy, who are charged with having conspired with others to murder Joseph Poole. True bills were returned against Kingston and Gibney, but that against Healy was ignored. The prisoners on being arraigned pleaded Not guilty. A true bill was also returned against Matthias Brady for writing a threatening letter to the foreman of the jury who convicted his brother. Daniel Delaney and Thomas Martin pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy to murder. Sentence was deferred. Edward McCaffrey withdrew a plea of Not guilty, and substituted one of Guilty on the same charge. Sentence was also deferred in his case.

The seven prisoners, including Dr. Gallagher, Whitehead, and five others who are charged with treason-felony and with being in illegal possession of a quantity of explosive material, were brought up at Bow-street yesterday week, and the case for the Crown was completed. Dalton was discharged, but was immediately re-arrested and conveyed to Liverpool on a charge of being concerned with the two men now in custody there for being in possession of explosives. The other six men were committed for trial at the next sitting of the Central Criminal Court.

The Manchester Fish Salesmen's Association have contributed one hundred guineas to the fund for relieving the widows and orphans of fishermen who perished in the recent gales on the North-east Coast. The subscriptions now amount to nearly £6,000.

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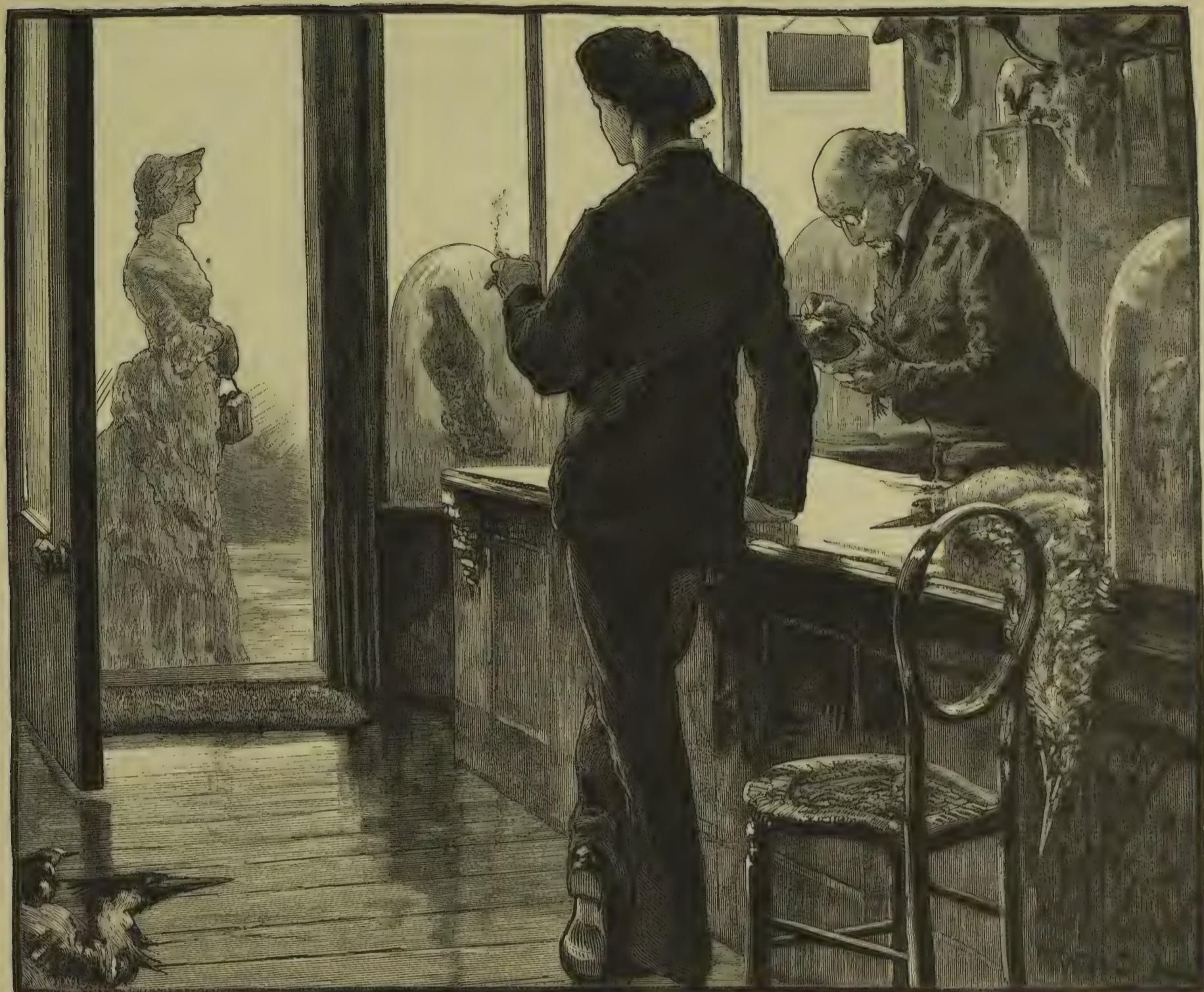
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70. ALBUM OF TWELVE POLONOISES.

71. ALBUM OF TWELVE POLONOISES.

72. ALBUM OF TWELVE POLONOISES.

73. ALBUM



"He caught sight of some one passing by outside."

YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF IRELAND," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"O' BYGANE DAYS AND ME."

HE Master of Lynn was walking along Church-street, Inverness, leisurely smoking his morning cigar, when a small boy from the hotel overtook him, and handed him a letter. He glanced at the handwriting, and saw it was from his sister; so he put it in his pocket without opening it. Then he went on and into Mr. Macleay's shop.

This was a favourite lounge of his. For not only was it a valuable museum of natural

history—all kinds of curiosities and rarities being sent thither to be preserved—but also, to anyone with sufficient knowledge, it afforded a very fair report as to what was going on in the different

forests. More than that, it was possible for one to form a shrewd guess as to the character of some of the people then wandering about the Highlands—the sort of sportsmen, for example, who sent to be stuffed such rare and remarkable birds as gannets, kittiwakes, and skarts, or who wished to have all the honours of a glass-case and a painted background conferred on a three-pound trout. It was not difficult (as he sat on the counter or strolled about) to imagine the simple joy with which these trophies had been secured and carefully packed and sent away for preservation; while, on the other hand, some great stag's head—a magnificent and solitary prize—perhaps awoke a touch of envy. The good-natured proprietor of the establish-

ment, busy with his own affairs, let this young man do pretty much what he liked in the place; and so it was that the Master, having had a look at the latest specimens of the skill of the workshop, took out his sister's letter and read it, and then begged for a sheet of paper and the loan of a pen. He thought he might just as well finish his cigar here, and answer his sister at the same time.

He wrote as follows:—

"Inverness, September 29.

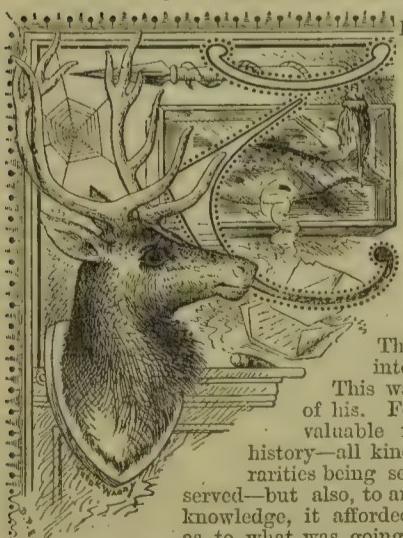
"Dear Polly,—I wish you would be pleased to moderate the rancour of your tongue; there is quite enough of that commodity at Lynn. Whoever has told you of the latest row has probably not overstepped the truth; but isn't it a blessed dispensation of Providence that one can obtain a little peace at the Station Hotel? However, that is becoming slow. I wish I knew where Jack Melville is; I would propose a little foreign travel. For one thing, I certainly don't mean to go back to Lynn until Mr. Winterbourne has left Allt-nam-ba; of course, he must see very well that the people at the Towers have cut him; and no doubt he understands the reason; and he might ask, don't you see; and very likely he might get angry and indignant (I shouldn't blame him); and then he might ask Yolande to break off the engagement. Such things have happened before. But you needn't get wild with me. I don't seek to break off the engagement; certainly not; if that is what they are aiming at they will find me just as pertinacious as you were about Graham (you needn't assume that you have all the obstinacy in the world); and although I'm not too squeamish about most things, still, I'm not going to break my word simply because Auntie Tab doesn't like Mr. Winterbourne's politics.

"Now there's a chance for you, Miss Polly. Why don't you set to work to make the leopard change his spots? You think you can talk anybody over. Why don't you talk over Mr. Winterbourne into the paths of virtue and high Toryism? I don't see why it should be so difficult. Of course he's violent enough in the House; but that's to keep in with his constituents; and to talk with him after a day's shooting you wouldn't guess he had any politics at all. I'd bet a sovereign he would rather get a royal than be made a Cabinet Minister. You'd much better go and coax him into the paths of the just

than keep getting into rages with me. You talk as if it was you that wanted to marry Yolande; or rather, as if it was you who were going to buy the Corrievreck side from Sir John, and couldn't wait for the conveyancing to be done. Such impetuosity isn't in accord with your advancing years. The fact is, you haven't been having your fair dose of flirtation lately, and you're in a bad temper. But why with me? I didn't ask the people to Inverstroy. I can see what sort of people they are by the cart-load of heads Graham has sent here (I am writing in Macleay's shop). If ever I can afford to keep our forest in my own hands there won't be anything of that kind going on—no matter who is in the house.

"And why should you call upon me for the explanation of the 'mystery'? What mystery is involved in Yolande's going south? Her father, I understand, leaves on the 15th of October; and I am not surprised that nothing has been said about a lease of the place. Of course, Winterbourne must understand. But in the south, my dear Polly, if you would only look at the reasonable aspect of affairs, we may all of us meet on less embarrassing terms; and I for one shall not be sorry to get away for the winter from the society of Tabby and Co. Yolande and I have not quarrelled in the least; on that point you may keep your hair smooth. But I am not at all sure that I am not bound in honour to tell her how I am placed; and what treatment in the future—or rather what no-treatment—she may expect from my affectionate relatives. Of course it cannot matter to her. She will be independent of them—I also. But I think I ought to let her know; so that she will not be surprised at their silence; and of course if she resents their attitude to her father (as is very likely)—well, that is their fault, not mine. I am not going to argue any more about it; and as for anything like begging for their patronage or sufferance of Yolande, that is entirely out of the question. *I will not have it;* and I have told you so before; so there may just as well be an end to your lecturing. I am a vertebrate animal.

"Yolande is at Worthing—not in London, as you seem to think. I don't know her address; but I have written to Allt-nam-ba for it—I believe she left rather in a hurry. No; I shan't send it to you; for you would probably only make



mischief by interfering; and indeed it is not with her that any persuasion is necessary. Persuasion?—it's a little common-sense that is necessary! But that kind of plant doesn't flourish at the Towers—I never heard of Jack Melville getting it for his collection of dried weeds.

"Well, good-by. Don't tear your hair."

"Your affectionate brother, ARCHIE."

"P.S.—It is very kind of you to remind me of Baby's birthday; but how on earth do you expect me to know what to send it? A rocking-horse, or a Latin Grammar, or what?"

He leisurely folded the letter, put it in an envelope, and addressed it; then he turned to have a further chat with Mr. Macleay about the various triumphs of the taxidermic art standing around. Several of these were in the window; and he was idly regarding them when he caught sight—through the panes—of some one passing by outside. For a second he seemed to pause, irresolute; then he quickly said good-morning to Mr. Macleay, went outside, threw away his cigar, and followed the figure that he had seen passing the window. It was that of a young woman, neatly dressed; indeed, it was no other than Shena Ván—though probably Janet Stewart had acquired that name when she was younger, for now she could not strictly be described as fair, though her hair was of a light brown and her eyes of a deep and exceedingly pretty blue.

"Good-morning, Miss Stewart," said he, overtaking her.

The young lady turned quickly, perhaps with a slight touch of alarm as well as of surprise in her look.

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Leslie," said she, with a certain reserve—not to say coldness—of manner; though the sound of her speech, with its slight accent, was naturally gentle and winning.

"I had no idea you were in Inverness," said he. "I just caught a glimpse of you while I was in Macleay's shop. Why, it is a long time since I have seen you now."

She was a little embarrassed and nervous; probably desirous of getting away, and yet not wishing to be rude.

"I am often in Inverness, now," she said, with her eyes averted, "since my sister was married."

"Are you going to the steamer?" he asked, for she carried a small parcel in her hand.

"Yes," said she, with some hesitation. "I—I was thinking of walking to the steamer."

"Then I suppose I may go as far with you," said he, "for I have a letter that I want the clerk to have sent on to Inverstroy."

She glanced quickly up and down the street; but he did not give her time to say yea or nay; and then, with something of silence and resentment on her part, they set out together. It was a very pleasant and cheerful morning; and their way was out into the country; for Miss Stewart's destination was that lock on the Caledonian Canal from which the steamer daily sails for the south. Nevertheless the young lady did not seem over well pleased.

At first they talked chiefly about her friends and relatives—he asking the questions and she answering with somewhat few words; and she was careful to inform him that now she was more than ever likely to be away from Inverness-shire, for her brother had recently been elected to one of the professorships at Aberdeen, and he had taken a house there, and he liked to have her in the house, because of looking after things. She gave him to understand that there was a good deal of society in the ancient city of Aberdeen; and that the young men of the University were anxious to visit at her brother's house.

"It is a natural thing," said pretty Shena Ván, with a touch of pride in her tone, "for the young men to be glad to be friends with my brother; not only because he is one of the professors, but because he was very distinguished at Edinburgh, and at Heidelberg too—very distinguished indeed."

"Oh, yes; I know that," said the Master of Lynn, warmly. "I have heard Jack Melville speak of him. I dare say your father is very proud of his success."

"Indeed, I think we are all rather proud of it," said Miss Stewart.

But when they had crossed the bridge over the wide and shallow waters of the Ness, and were getting away from the town into the quietude of the country, he endeavoured to win over his companion to something more of friendliness. He was a gentle-spoken youth; and this coldness on the part of his ancient comrade he seemed to consider unfair.

"We used to be great friends," said he, "but I suppose you have forgotten all that. I suppose you have forgotten the time when Shena Ván was reaching out for the branch of a rowan-tree and fell into the burn?"

She blushed deeply; but there was the same cold reserve in her manner as she said—

"That was a long time ago."

"Sometimes," said he, with a sort of gentleness in his look, "I wish your father had never gone away to Strathaylort; you and I used to be great friends at one time."

"My father is very well pleased with Strathaylort," said Miss Stewart, "and so are we all; for the manse is larger; and we have many more friends in Strathaylort. And the friends we left—well, I suppose they can remember us when they wish to remember us."

This was rather pointed; but he took no notice of it—he was so anxious to win his companion over to a more conciliatory mood.

"And are you as fond of reading poetry as ever?" said he, regarding her—but always her eyes were averted.

"Sometimes I read poetry as I read other things," she said, "but with my sister in Inverness and my brother in Aberdeen, I am very often on visits now."

"Do you remember how you used to read 'Horatius' aloud—on the hill above Corrie-an-eich? And the bridge below was the bridge that the brave Horatius kept; and you seemed to see him jump into the Altt-cróm, not the Tiber at all; and I am quite sure when you held out your finger and pointed—when

he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home

—you were looking at the zinc-roofed coach-house at Altnam-ba."

"I was very silly then," said Shena Ván, with red cheeks.

"And when you were Boadicea, a flock of sheep did very well as an army for you to address; only the collies used to think you were mad."

"I dare say they were right."

"Do you remember the Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi, and my bringing you a halberd from the Towers? 'Might Giver! I kiss thee'—'Joy Giver! I kiss thee'—'Fame Giver! I kiss thee'?"

"Indeed you have a wonderful recollection," said Miss Stewart. "I should think it was time to forget such folly. As one grows up there are more serious things to attend to. I am told—and here, for the first time, she turned her beautiful dark blue eyes to him, but not her face; so that she was looking at him rather askance, and in a curious, interrogative, and at the same time half-combative fashion—"I am told that you are about to be married."

Now it was his turn to be embarrassed; and he did not meet those too searching eyes.

"As you say, Shena, life turns out to have serious duties, and not to be quite like what one dreams about when one is young," he observed, somewhat vaguely. "That can't prevent your rememiscing other days with a good deal of affection!"

"But you must let me congratulate you, Mr. Leslie," said she, sharply bringing him to his senses. "And if the wedding is to be at Lynn, I am sure my father would be glad to come over from Strathaylort."

There could be nothing further said on this rather awkward subject just at the moment, for they had arrived at the steamer, and he had to go and hunt out the clerk to intrust him with those small commissions. Then he rejoined Miss Stewart, and set out for the town again; but, while she was quite civil and friendly in a formal fashion, he could not draw her into any sort of conjoint regarding their youthful and sentimental days. Nay, more; when they got back to the bridge, she intimated, in the gentlest and most respectful way, that she would rather go through the town alone; and so he was forced to surrender the cruel solace of her companionship.

"Good-by, Shena!" said he, and he held her hand for a moment.

"Good-morning, Mr. Leslie," said she, without turning her eyes towards him.

Then he walked away by the side of the river, with a general sense of being aggrieved settling down on him. Whichever way he turned, people seemed only disposed to thwart and controvert him. Surely there was no harm in being on friendly terms with Shena Ván, and in reminding her of the days when he and she were boy and girl together? If he had jilted her, she would have good grounds for being vexed and angry; but he had not. Nothing in that direction had ever been spoken of between them. It is true he had at one time been very much in love with her; and although he had but little romance in his character (that being an ingredient not likely to be fostered by the air of Oxford, or by the society of the young officers of the Seaforth Highlanders), still the glamour of love had for the moment blinded him, and he had seriously contemplated asking her to be his wife. He had argued with himself that this was no stage-case of a noble lord wedding a village maiden; but the son of an almost penniless peer marrying a well-accomplished young lady of perfectly respectable parentage, a young lady whose beautiful qualities of mind were known only to a few—only to one, perhaps, who had discovered them by looking into the magic mirror of a pair of strangely dark and clear blue eyes. The infatuation was strong—for a time; but when pretty Mrs. Graham came to learn of it, there was trouble. Now the Master of Lynn detested trouble. Besides, his sister's arguments in this case were terribly cogent. She granted that Shena Ván might be everything he said, and quite entitled, by her intelligence and virtues and amiabilities of character, to become the future mistress of Lynn Towers. But she had not a penny. And was all the labour that had been bestowed on freeing the estate from its burdens to be thrown away? Were the Leslies to remain in those pinched circumstances that prevented their taking their proper place in the country, to say nothing of London? Mrs. Graham begged and implored; there was some distant and awful thunder on the part of his lordship; and then Archie Leslie (who hated fuss) began to withdraw himself from the fatal magnetism of those dark blue eyes. Nothing had been said; Miss Stewart could not complain. But the beautiful blue eyes had a measure of shrewdness in them; she may have guessed; nay, more—she may have hoped, and even cherished her own little romantic dreams of affection. Be that as it may, the young Master of Lynn gave way to those entreaties, to that warning of storm. When his sister said he was going to make a fool of himself, he got angry; but at the same time he saw as clearly as she that Lynn was starved for want of money. And although love's young dream might never return in all its freshness of wonder and longing, still there were a large number of pretty and handsome young women in this country, some one of whom (if her eyes had not quite the depth and clearness of the eyes of Shena Ván) might look very well at the head of the dinner-table at Lynn Towers. And so for a time he left Lynn, and went away to Edinburgh; and if his disappointment and isolation did drive him into composing a little song with the refrain,

O Shena, Shena, my heart is true

To you where'er you go

—that was only the last up-flickering flame from the dust and ashes of the extinguished romance; and the Master of Lynn had done everything that was required of him, and had a fair right to expect that his relatives would remember that in the future.

And now it can be well understood how, as he walked alone along the shores of the wide river, he should feel that he had been ill-treated. Not even Janet Stewart's friendship was left to him. He had looked once more into those blue eyes; and he could remember them shining with laughter or dilated with an awful majesty, as Boadicea addressed an army of sheep, or perhaps softening a little in farewell when he was going away to Oxford; but now there was nothing but coldness. She did not care to recall the old days. And, indeed, as he walked on and out into the country, some other verses that he had learned from Shena Ván in those bygone days began to come into his head; and he grew in a way to compassionate himself, and to think of himself in future years as looking back upon his youth with a strange and pathetic regret—mingled with some other feelings.

*Oh, mind ye, love, how oft we left
The deavin, dinsome town,
To wander by the green burn-side
And hear its water croon?
The sinner leaves hung over our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet.*

* * *
*Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!*

—these were some of the lines he remembered (they were great favourites of Shena Ván in former times); but instead of this compassionating of himself by proxy, as it were, leading him to any gentleness of feeling, it only made him the more bitter and angry. "I have had enough of this—I have had enough of it," he kept repeating to himself. "Very few men I know have kept as straight as I have. They'd better look out. I have had just about enough of this."

That evening he dined with the officers at Fort George, and drank far more wine than he usually did—for he was very abstemious in that direction. After dinner, he proposed unlimited loo; but more moderate counsels prevailed, and the

familiar and innocent sixpenny Nap. was agreed upon. But even at this mild performance you can lose a fair amount if you persistently "go Nap" on almost any sort of a hand that turns up.

CHAPTER XL

A GUESS.

Some well-known pieces of writing have described to us the ecstatic visions vouchsafed to the incipient opium-eater; and these, or some of these, may be a faithful enough record. At all events, Yolande's first and only experience was of a very different character. All through that terrible night one horror succeeded another; and always she felt as if she were bound and gagged—that she could neither flee away from those hideous things nor shriek out her fear and cry for aid. First she was in a vast forest of impenetrable gloom; it was night, and yet there was a greyish in the open glade; there was no sky visible; she was alone. Then down one of these glades came a slow procession—figures walking two by two; and at first she thought they were monks, but as she came nearer she could see that within each cloak and hood there was a skeleton, with eyes of white fire. They took no heed of her; she could not move; in the awful silence she beheld them range themselves behind the trunks of the great oaks, and although they were now invisible it appeared to her that she could still see their eyes of fire, and that they were gazing on the figure of a woman that now drew near. The woman was wringing her hands; her hair was dishevelled; she looked neither to the right nor to the left. And then, as she passed, the spectres came out two by two, and formed a crowd and followed her; they pressed on her and surrounded her, though she did not seem to see them; it was a doom overtaking her; the night grew darker; a funeral song was heard far away—not as from any opening heavens, but within the black hollows of the wood—and then the ghastly pageant disappeared.

Presently she was in a white world of snow and ice; and a frantic despair had seized her, for she knew that she was drifting away from the land. This way and that she tried to escape; but always she came to a blue impassable chasm; she tried to spring from one side to the other, but something held her back; she could not get away. There was a fire-mountain there—the red flames looking so strange in the middle of the white world; and the noise of the roaring of it was growing fainter and more faint as she floated away on this moving ice. The sea that she was entering—she could see it far ahead of her—was black; but a thin grey mist hung over it; and she knew that once she was within that mist she would see nothing more, nor be heard of more, for ever and ever. She tried no longer to escape; horror had paralyzed her; she wanted to call aloud for help, but could not. Denser and denser grew the mist; and now the black sea was all around her; she was as one already dead; and when she tried to think of those she was leaving for ever, she could not remember them. Her friends?—the people she knew?—she could remember nothing. This vague terror and hopelessness filled her mind; otherwise it was a blank; she could look, but she could not think—and now the black waters had reached almost to her feet, and around her were the impenetrable folds of air so that she could no longer see.

And so she passed from one vision of terror to another all through the long night; until in the grey of the morning she slowly awoke to a sort of half-stupefied consciousness. She had a headache, so frightful that at first she could scarcely open her eyes; but she did not mind that; she was overjoyed that she could convince herself of her escape from those hideous phantoms, and of her being in the actual living world. Then she began to recollect. She thought of what she had done—perhaps with a little touch of pride, as of something that he might approve, if ever he should come to know. Then, though her head was throbbing so dreadfully, she cautiously opened her eyes to look around.

No sooner had she done so than Jane, who was awake, stole noiselessly to her young mistress's bedside. Yolande made a gesture to ensure silence—for she saw that her mother was lying asleep; then she rose, wrapped a shawl round her, and slipped out of the room, followed by her maid.

"What shall I get you, Miss—I have kept the fire alight down stairs—I can get you a cup of tea in a minute."

"No, no, never mind," said Yolande, pressing her hand to her head. "Tell me about my mother. How long has she been asleep?"

"Not very long. Oh, she has passed a dreadful night—the poor lady. She was so excited at first, I thought she would have killed herself; but in the end she fairly cried herself to sleep, after I got her to lie down on the bed. And you don't feel very ill, Miss, I hope? But it was a terrible thing for you to do."

"What?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Jane, with a little embarrassment; "but I guessed what you had done. I guessed from what the poor lady said. Oh, you won't do that again, will you, Miss? You might have killed yourself; and then whatever should I have said to your papa? And I don't think you will ever have need to do it again—I heard what the poor lady kept saying to herself—you won't have to do any such terrible thing again—she declares that she will kill herself before you have cause to do that again!"

"I hope there won't be any occasion," said Yolande, calmly; and then she went to the window.

It was truly a miserable morning—dull and grey and overclouded; and it had rained during the night, the street and the terrace were sodden and wet; and a leaden-hued sea tumbled on to the empty beach. But notwithstanding that, and notwithstanding her headache, Yolande vaguely felt that she had never looked on a fairer picture. This plain, matter-of-fact, commonplace world was such a beautiful thing after those phantom horrors through which she had passed. She liked to look at the solid black boats high up on the shingle; at the terraced foot-way; at the iron railing along the road. She began to wish to be out in that substantial world; to see more of it, and more closely; perhaps the cold sea breezes would temper the racking pain in her head?

"Jane," said she, "do you think you could slip into the room and bring me my things without waking my mother?"

"But you are not going out, Miss?" said the maid, wondering. "The night is scarcely over yet. Won't you go back and lie down?"

"No, no," said Yolande, almost with a shudder of dread. "I have had terrible dreams—I want to get outside—and I have a headache, besides; perhaps the fresh air will make it better. But you can lie down, Jane, after I have gone; and don't wake my mother, no matter how late she sleeps. When I come back perhaps the people in the house will be up, and I shall try to take some breakfast!"

"I could get it for you now, Miss," said Jane eagerly.

"I could not touch it," the girl said, shivering. The maid went and fetched her things; and when she had dressed she stole noiselessly down the stairs and got outside. How cold and damp the air felt; but yet it was fresh and new and strange; the familiar sound of the sea seemed pleasant and companionable. As yet, in the dull grey dawn, the little

town appeared to be asleep; all the people she could find as she passed were a policeman, leaning against a railing and reading a newspaper, two men working at the roadway, and a maid-servant cleaning the windows of a first-floor parlour. She walked on; and pushed back the hair from her forehead to let the cold sea-breeze dispel this racking pain. But although the headache was a bad one, and although it was a most rare thing for her to know what a headache was, still it did not depress her. She walked on with an increasing gladness. This was a fine, real world; there were no more processions of skeletons, or Arctic mists, or fields covered with coffins. This was Worthing: there was the pier; these were most substantial and actual waves that came rolling in until they thundered over and rushed seething and hissing up the beach. Moreover, was there not a gathering sense of light somewhere—as if the day were opening and inclined to shine? As she walked on in the direction of Lower Lancing a more spacious view of sea and sky opened out before her; and it appeared to her that away in the direction of Brighton the clouds seemed inclined to bank up. And then, gradually and here and there, faint gleams of a warmer light came shooting over from the east; and in course of time, as she still followed the windings of the shore, the rising sun shone level along the sea, and the yellow-brown waves, though their curved hollows were in shadow as they rolled on to the beach, had silver-gleaming crests, and the wide stretches of retreating foam that gurgled and hissed down the shingly slopes were a glare of cream-white dazzling to the eyes.

She walked quickly—and proudly. She had played a bold game; and she hoped that she might win. Nay more, she was prepared to play it again. She would not shrink from any sacrifice; it was with no light heart that she had undertaken this duty. And would he approve?—that was always her secret thought, though generally she tried to banish all remembrances of what was bygone. Should he ever come to know of what she had done? For it was of her own planning. It was not his suggestion at all; probably, if he had thought of such a means of terrorism, he would not have dared to recommend it. But she had laid this plan; and she had watched her opportunity; and she was glad that some days had elapsed before that opportunity had occurred, so that her mother had had time to become attached to her. And what if that once did not suffice? Well, she was prepared to go on. It was only a headache (and even that was quietly lessening, for she had an elastic constitution, and was a most capable walker). What were a few headaches? But no—she did not think that much repetition of this experiment would be necessary; she could not believe that any mother alive could look on and see her daughter poisoning herself to save her.

The morning cleared and brightened; when she got to Lancing, she struck inland, by the quiet country ways; a kind of gladness filled her. And if she should be successful, after all—if the thing that she had feared was to turn out a beautiful thing—if the rescue of this poor mother was to be her reward, what should she not owe him who had told her what her duty was. He had not been afraid to tell her—although she was only a girl. Ah, and where was he now? Driven away into banishment, perhaps, by what had happened up there in the north, through her blindness and carelessness. Once or twice, indeed, during these long evenings, she had followed out a curious fancy that perhaps his crossing the Monalca hills to catch the afternoon-train at Kingussie had really some connection with her coming south. Had he wished to see that she was secure and guarded, now that she was embarked on an errand of his suggestion? It pleased her to think of him being in the same train. Perhaps—in the cold grey morning at Euston Station—standing backward from the people, he had watched her get into the cab; perhaps he had even followed in his own cab and seen her enter the hotel? Why should he have hurried to catch that particular train? Why should he have adopted that arduous route across the hills, unless it was that he wished to travel with her, and yet without her knowing it? But it was so strange he should make this long journey merely to see that she was safely lodged in her hotel.

Now she had been studying this matter on one or two occasions—and letting her fancy play about it with a strange curiosity—but it was on this particular morning, as she was nearing the little village of Sompeling, that a new light suddenly flashed on her. Who was it who had told Lawrence and Lang of her being in London; who had explained to them what her business was; who had asked Mr. Lang to go to her hotel and see her? Was it possible, then, that he had journeyed to London in that same train, and gone direct to the lawyers' office, so that she should have their assistance? He knew they were her father's lawyers; for she herself had told him to whom she should apply in case of difficulty; whereas, on the other hand, it was not possible for her father to have written. Had he been guarding her, then, and watching over her, all that time—perhaps even looking on? And if looking on—then, in a breathless kind of way she recalled the circumstances of her taking her mother away. She had been disturbed and bewildered, no doubt; still had she not the impression of someone darting by—someone who felled the man who had seized her arm, and then passed quickly by? Surely, surely it must have been he. Who else could have known? Who else could have interfered? Her heart grew warm with gratitude towards him. Ah, there was the true friend—watching over her, but still keeping back, and unrequited with a single word of thanks. She began to convince herself that this must have been so. She accused herself of blindness that she had not seen it before. And for how long had his guardianship continued? When had he gone away? Perhaps—

Then her face grew pale. Perhaps he was even now in Worthing, still exercising this invisible care over her? Perhaps she might meet him, by some accident, in the street? She stopped short in the road, apparently afraid to go on. For what would their meeting be, if such a meeting were to happen? But no, it would not happen—it should not happen. Even if he were in Worthing (and she tried to get rid of the dreams and fancies begotten of this morning walk) he would not seek to see her; he would avoid her rather; he would know, as well as she, that it was not fit and proper that they should meet. And why should he be in Worthing? His guardianship there could be of no avail; she had nothing to fear in any direction where he could help. The more she calmly reviewed the possibilities of the case, the more she considered it likely that he had indeed come to London with her; that he had given instructions to the lawyers; perhaps, even, that he had been present when she bore her mother off; but even if these things were so, by this time he must have left, perceiving that he could do no more. And whither? She had a kind of dim notion that he would not quickly return to Gress. But whither, then—whither? She saw him an outcast and a wanderer; she imagined him away in far places; and the morning seemed less cheerful now. Her face grew grave; she walked firmly on. She was returning to her appointed task; and to any trials that might be in store for her in connection with it.

She was getting near to Broadwater when she saw along the road a pony-carriage coming quickly in her direction; the

next moment she perceived that her mother was in it, and that Jane (who had been brought up in the country) was driving. A few seconds sufficed to bring them to her; and then the mother, who seemed much excited, got out from the trap, and caught her daughter by both shoulders, and stroked her hair and her face, in a sort of delirium of joy.

"We have been driving everywhere in search of you—I was so afraid—ah, you are alive, and well, and beautiful as ever—my child, my child, I have not murdered you!"

"Hush, mother," said the girl, quite calmly. "It is a pity you got up so early. I came out for a walk, because my head was bad; it is getting better now; I will drive you back if you like."

She drew the girl aside for a few yards—caressing her arm, and stroking her fingers.

"My child, I ought to be ashamed, and miserable; but to see you alive and well—I—I was in despair—I was afraid. But you need not fear any more, Yolande, you need not fear any more."

"I hope not, mother," said Yolande, gravely, and she regarded her mother. "For I think I would rather die than go through again such a night as last night."

"But you need not fear—you need not fear!" said the other, pressing her hand. "Oh, no; when I saw you lying on the bed last night—then—then I seemed to know what I was. But you need not fear. No, never again will you have to poison yourself in order to shame me."

"It was not to shame you, mother—it was to ask you not to take any more of that—that medicine."

"You need not fear, Yolande, you need not fear!" she repeated, eagerly. "Oh, no; I have everything prepared now. I will never again touch it—you shall never have to sacrifice yourself like that!"

"Well, I am glad of it, dear mother, for both our sakes," Yolande said. "I hope it will not cost you much suffering."

"Oh, no, it will not cost me much suffering," said the mother, with a strange sort of smile.

Something in her manner attracted her daughter's attention.

"Shall we go back?" she asked.

"But I wished you to understand, Yolande, that you need have no longer any fear!"

"You have promised, mother."

"Yes; but did I not promise before? Ah, you—you, so young, so strong, so self-reliant—you cannot tell how weak one can be. But now that is all over. This time I know. This time I can tell that I have tasted that poison for the last time—if there were twenty bottles standing by, it would not matter."

"You must nerve yourself, mother!"

"Oh, but I have made it secure in another way," she said, with the same curious smile.

"How, then?"

"Well, what am I worth in the world? What is the value of my life? It is a wreck and worthless; to save it for a week, for a day, would I let you have one more headache, and be driven away into the country by yourself like this? Ah, no, Yolande; but now you are secure; there will be no more of that; when I feel that I must break my promise again; when I am like to die with weakness and—and the craving—then, if there were twenty bottles standing by, you need not fear. If living is not bearable, then, rather than you should do again what you did last night, I will kill myself—and gladly!"

Yolande regarded her with the same calm air.

"And is that the end you have appointed for me, mother?"

Her mother was stupefied for a second; then she uttered a short quick cry of terror.

"Yolande, what do you mean!"

"I think I have told you, mother, that I mean to follow your example in all things—to the end, whatever it may be. Do not let us speak of it."

She put her hand on her mother's arm, and led her back to the pony-carriage. But the poor woman was trembling violently. This terrible threat had quite unnerved her. It had seemed to her so easy—if the worst came to the worst, if she could control her craving no longer—that, sooner than her daughter should be sacrificed, she herself should throw away this worthless fragment of existence that remained to her. And now Yolande's manner frightened her. This easy way of escape was going to produce the direst of all catastrophes! She regarded the girl—who was preoccupied and thoughtful, and who allowed Jane to continue to drive—all the way back; and there was something in her look that sent the conviction to her mother's heart that that had been no idle menace.

When they got back to Worthing, Yolande set about the usual occupations of the day with her accustomed composure; and even with a measure of cheerfulness. She seemed to attach little importance to the incident that had just happened; and probably wished her mother to understand that she meant to see this thing through as she had begun it. But it was pitiable to see the remorse on the mother's face when a slight contraction of Yolande's brow told that from time to time her head still swam with pain.

The first hamper of game from the north arrived that day; and it was with a curious interest that the mother (who was never done wondering at her daughter's knowledge and accomplishments) listened to all that Yolande could tell her about the various birds and beasts. As yet the ptarmigan showed no signs of donning their winter plumage; but the mountain hares here and there—especially about the legs—showed traces of white appearing underneath the brownish-grey. Both at the foot and at the top of the hamper was a thick bed of staghorn moss (which grows in extraordinary luxuriance at Altanaba) and Yolande guessed—and guessed correctly—that Duncan, who had observed her on one or two occasions bring home some of that moss, had fancied that the young lady would like to have some sent her to the south. And she wondered whether there was any other part of the world where people were so thoughtful and so kind—even to visitors who were almost strangers to them.

At night, when Yolande went into the bed-room, she noticed that there was no bottle on the mantel-piece.

"Where is it mother?" she said.

"I have thrown it away. You need not fear now, Yolande," her mother said. And then she regarded her daughter nervously. "Don't mind what I said this morning, child. It was foolish. If I cannot bear the suffering well, it cannot be so hard a thing to die; that must come if one waits."

"You are not going to die, mother," said Yolande, gently patting her on the shoulder. "You are going to live; for some day, as soon as you are strong enough, you and I are going to Nice, to drive all the way along to Genoa; and I know all the prettiest places to stop at. But you must have courage and hope and determination. And you must get well quickly, mother; for I should like to go away with you; it is such a long, long time since I smelt the lemon-blossom in the air."

(To be continued.)

The Gazette announces that the Queen has appointed the Earl of Aberdeen to be her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

DIGESTION.

Professor McKendrick began his sixth lecture on Physiological Discovery on Tuesday, the 8th inst., with experiments demonstrating the electrical changes which take place in muscle, as shown by Du Bois Reymond about 1846. He then explained the processes connected with the formation of the blood, which involves the digestion of food, the absorption of alimentary matter, and the action of the blood-glands in the production of blood corpuscles. Haller (1708–77) first taught that all nutritious matters were of the nature of jelly. William Cullen (1712–90) divided these matters into "oily, saccharine, and what seem to be a combination of the two." Sir Humphry Davy showed that food contains gluten, farina, mucilage, oil, and sugar; and Majendie (1783–1855) first proved that animal life cannot be sustained on only one of these constituents. Prout (1786–1850), by closely studying milk, classified food into saccharine, oily, and albuminous constituents, combined with saline matters and water. Digestion, which had been previously termed concoction, putrefaction, or fermentation, was proved by Spallanzani to be essentially a chemical process, and to him we owe the foundation of the system of dietetics, now adopted by physicians. During the lecture reference was made to the researches of many eminent physiologists. Ptyaline, the active principle of saliva, was separated by Berzelius; and its power of transforming starch into sugar was demonstrated by Miahle. The office of the pancreas, lacteals, and lymphatics has been greatly elucidated by the researches of Sprott Boyd, Corvisart, Purkinje, Schmidt, Tiedemann, Bernard, Meissner, and especially of William Hewson. Wasmann first isolated pepsin in 1839. The lecture was well illustrated by experiments and diagrams, and specimens of fibrin in various stages of digestion were exhibited.

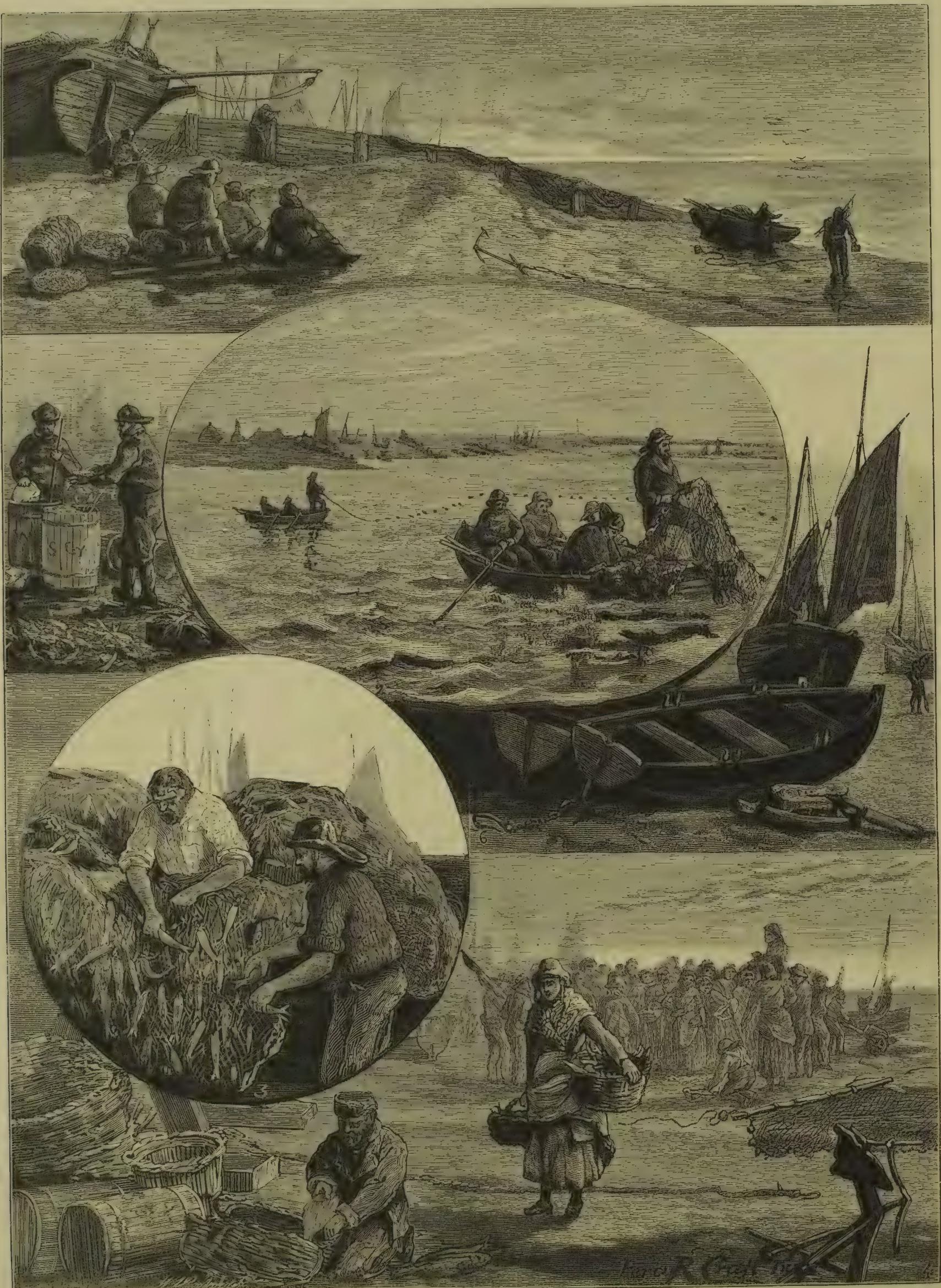
COUNT RUMFORD, ORIGINATOR OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. Professor Tyndall, in his second lecture, given on Thursday, May 10, resumed his narrative by stating that Rumford, exhausted by his benevolent labours in Bavaria, in 1793 went to Italy to recruit: but his holiday was no rest, and he employed his energies in his usual way, at Verona. He returned to Munich in 1794; but, feeling unequal to his official duties, he proceeded to London in 1798. He accepted an invitation from the Lord Lieutenant, and received addresses of thanks for his philanthropic labours in Dublin; and a visit to Edinburgh achieved similar results. While in London, he was moved by the great waste of fuel in the ordinary fireplaces, and his improvements became so popular that he had at one time about five hundred smoky chimneys, in the houses of persons of the highest rank, under his treatment. He made many improvements in stoves, and the "American oven" is based on the principle of "Rumford's roaster." In 1796 he instituted the Rumford medals by giving £1000 to the Royal Society, and the same sum to the American Academy at Boston, U.S. Disappointed at the refusal of the British Government to accept him as ambassador from Bavaria, he proposed to return to America; but this was prevented by his energetic devotion to a scheme which culminated in the foundation of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, which received the Royal Charter on Jan. 13, 1800. The King was patron, the Earl of Winchilsea president, and several of the nobility were managers. Mr. Thomas Bernard and Sir Joseph Banks were Rumford's earnest coadjutors. The first professor was Dr. Thomas Garnet, who was soon superseded by Thomas Young and Humphry Davy, engaged by the sagacious Rumford. Under their influence, the character of the Institution rapidly changed. Rumford was disappointed in his idea of combining philosophy and technology. Pure science became the end instead of the means. Disagreements arose, and Rumford went to Paris in 1803.

OYSTERS.

Professor Huxley, at the weekly evening meeting on Friday, the 11th inst., began his discourse by describing the powerful mechanism by which the oyster opens and shuts its shell, and the two valves adapted for respiration and nutrition. Its anatomical structure is very complex, and it possesses all the organs required by higher animals with a nervous system. For its well-being, it needs a peculiar temperature, and a certain amount of saline matters in the water which contains its food, which it draws in at pleasure, and thus an oyster-bed is really the scene of a struggle for life. Every oyster has about a million eggs, but the creature has an innumerable number of enemies, and a very small percentage of its progeny arrive at maturity. The larva leads a very active life till it settles down. The shell is slowly developed, and it becomes an adult in about four years, and it is said may attain to the age of twenty-five. The murex or dogwhelk, a special enemy, has the power of boring a hole in the shell and extracting the animal. Professor Huxley, after commenting on many points connected with the natural history of the oyster, considered some of the causes of the present scarcity and dearth of what fifty years ago was a very general article of food for all classes. He referred to the reports of a commission on oyster-fisheries, of which Sir James Caird, M. Shaw-Lefevre, as well as himself, were members, and expressed a strong opinion against the proposal for fixing a "close time" for the fishery, and demonstrated the great difference between oysters and salmon in this respect. He showed by reference to tables of results that systems of regulation had apparently no influence on the production of oysters, and expressed his belief that the only remedy for scarcity was the energetic promotion of facilities for oyster breeding and culture.

GEOGRAPHICAL EVOLUTION.

Professor A. Geikie, F.R.S., devoted his sixth and concluding lecture, given on Saturday last, the 12th inst., to the geological history of the European continent. He began by noticing the vestiges of very old land in the north of Europe, and also referred to the formation of the Alps, Apennines, Caucasus, and other mountain chains, and of the Mediterranean, Black, and other seas. He then sketched the history of the Old World continent, beginning with the latter part of the Silurian Age, when the land appears to have been submerged under a great shallow sea. A gentle subsidence of about 25,000 ft. seems to have followed. Great disturbances ensued, of which the abundance of upheaved contorted rocks give evidence. Grand lakes appear then to have been formed separate, and afterwards united; then came the carboniferous age, combined with limestone crowded with marine deposits, corals, and coloured shells. Then next came another subsidence. Salt lakes were formed, of which the beds remain after evaporation. Much volcanic action followed. With the Jurassic age came a mild, moist climate, and a corresponding fauna and flora. This was followed by the Cretaceous age, with its characteristic scenery. Stupendous revolutions ensued in the older Tertiary time, and evidences of volcanic action still exist in Italy, Sicily, and Iceland. After remarks upon evidences of the remarkable work of glaciers in the great ice age, and the gradual formation of Europe when the glaciers passed away, the Professor expressed his opinion that in former times the Continent was much larger than it is at present.



1. Early morning: on the look-out.

2. Casting the net.

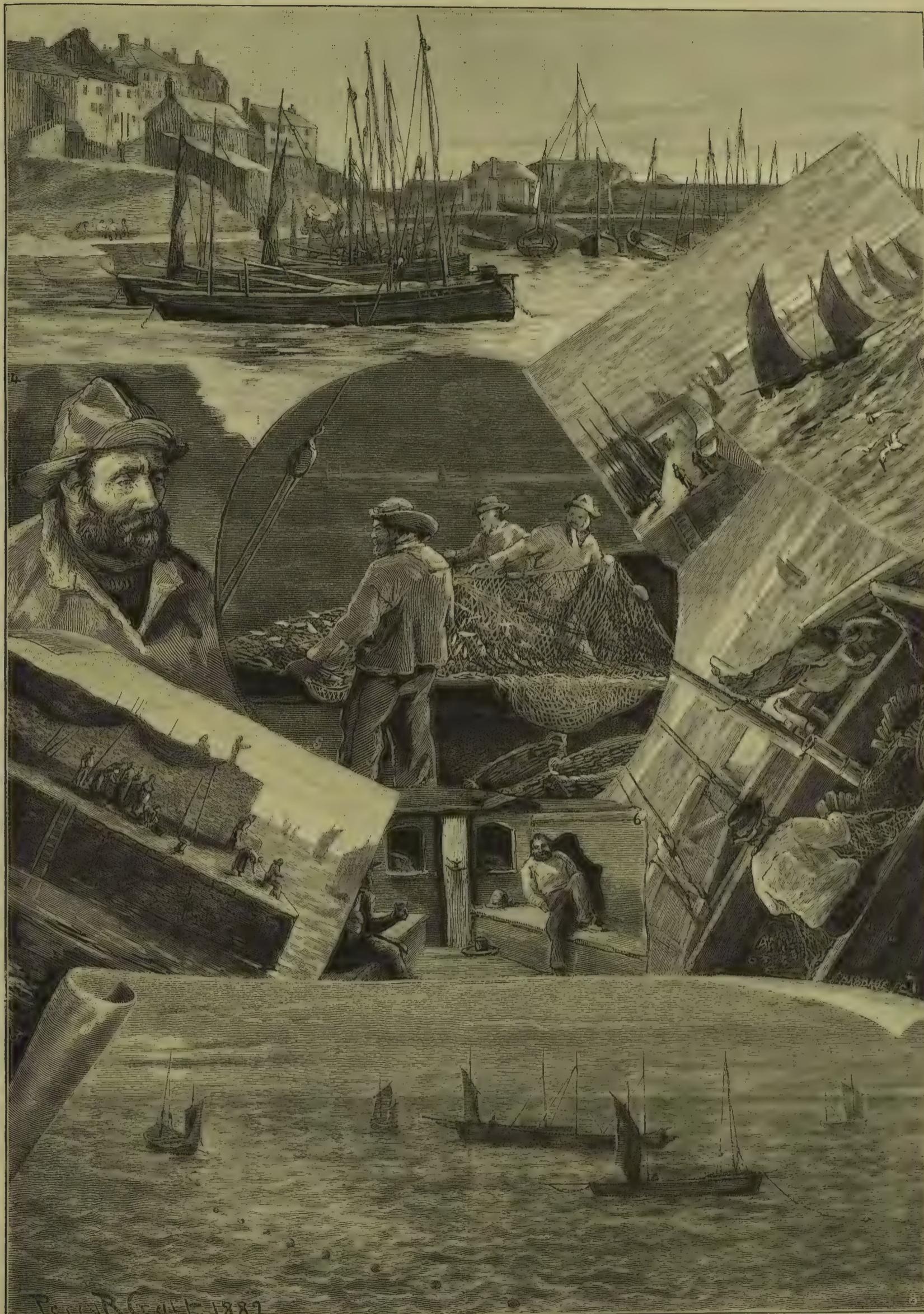
3. A good netful.

4. Dutch auction on the beach.

5. Packing the fish in ice.

6. A bit on the beach.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES: MACKEREL FISHING AT EASTBOURNE.



1. The pier at Mevagissey: early morning.
2. Smacks going out of harbour.

3. Friends wishing them good luck.
4. Our Captain.

5. Hauling in the nets.
6. The cabin.

7. Stowing the nets.
8. Smacks waiting for the haul.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES: DRIFT-NET FISHING FOR PILCHARDS OFF CORNWALL.

OBITUARY.

SIR T. T. BERNARD, BART.

Sir Thomas Tyringham Bernard, sixth Baronet, of Winchendon Priory, Bucks, died on the 8th inst., in his ninety-second year. He was fourth son of Sir Scrope Bernard-Morland, fourth Baronet, M.P., for Aylesbury, by Harriett, his wife, only child of Mr. William Morland, M.P., of Lee, Kent, and grandson of Sir Francis Bernard, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, on whom the baronetcy was conferred in 1769. The gentleman whose death we record was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, sat in Parliament as member for Aylesbury from 1857 to 1865, and was for twenty years Lieutenant-Colonel of the Bucks Yeomanry. In 1816 he served as High Sheriff, and in 1876 succeeded to the title at the decease of his brother, Sir Francis Bernard-Morland. He married, first, July 26, 1819, Sophia Charlotte, only child of Sir David Williams, Bart., of Rose Hall, Herts; secondly, Oct. 12, 1840, Martha Louisa, daughter and coheiress of Mr. William Minshull; and thirdly, July 28, 1864, Ellen (who died 1869), widow of Mr. Henry Elwes, of Marcham Park, Bucks. By his first wife he had two sons, both deceased, and two daughters, Letitia Charlotte (who died 1865), wife of Mr. Francis Bernard Pigott, and Sophia Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Napier Higgins, Q.C. The Baronet not leaving male issue, his title becomes extinct.

ARCHDEACON LEE.

The Ven. William Lee, D.D., Archdeacon of Dublin, Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, and Incumbent of St. Peter's, died on the 11th inst., at his residence in Merrion-square, after two days' illness. He was born in 1815, the eldest son of the Rev. William Lee, Vicar of Emly, whose father, Mr. George Lee, of Barna, was the representative of an influential family in the county of Tipperary. Dr. Lee entered Trinity College from the Endowed School of Clonmel in 1831, and, after a brilliant University course, obtained a Fellowship in 1839. In 1857 he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in 1862 Lecturer in Divinity, and in 1864 Archdeacon of Dublin and Incumbent of St. Peter's. He was also one of the Examining Chaplains to Archbishop Trench. The Archdeacon was a man of extensive reading in various languages and literatures, and had a high reputation for theological learning. His best-known publication is his celebrated Donelan Lectures for 1852, on the "Inspiration of Holy Scripture: its Nature and Proof." He married Anne, daughter of Mr. William English, of Farmley, and leaves issue.

MR. WINGFIELD-DIGBY.

Mr. George Digby Wingsfield-Digby, of Sherborne Castle, in the county of Dorset, and Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1860, one of the largest landed proprietors in England, died on the 7th inst. in his eighty-sixth year. He was eldest son of William Wingfield, M.P., a Master in Chancery, by Lady Charlotte Mary Digby, his wife, daughter of Henry, first Earl Digby, and succeeded, in 1856, at the death of his uncle, the second Earl, to a considerable portion of the great Digby estates, whereupon he assumed the additional surname and arms of Digby. He was educated at Westminster, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1824. He married, May 26 in that year, Lucy Mabella, sister of Viscount Portman, but leaves no issue. His nephew and heir is Mr. John Wingfield Digby, of Blythe Hall, Warwickshire.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dowager Lady Campbell (Helen Margaret), widow of Major-General Sir John Campbell, second Baronet, and only child of Colonel John Crow, E.I.C.S., on the 3rd inst.

Lady Lanyon (Florence), wife of Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G., and youngest sister of Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. She was married just before Sir Owen's departure for Egypt last year, and has died in childbirth, of a still-born infant.

Lady King (Anne Sophia), widow of the Rev. Sir James Walker King, second Baronet, of Corrard, in the county of Fermanagh, eldest daughter of Mr. Halton Smyth King, of Borris Castle, Queen's County, and mother of the present Sir Charles Simeon King, Bart., on the 29th ult.

Colonel George D. Webber, C.B., son of the late Charles Tankerville and Lady Adelaide Webber, and nephew of James, sixth Earl of Kingston. He joined the 17th Regiment as junior Ensign in the Crimea, and served with distinction in the Ashantee campaign, where he commanded the 2nd West India Regiment. He also held staff appointments.

Dr. James Young, the celebrated manufacturing chemist, on the 13th inst., at his residence at Kelly, near Glasgow, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was the first to develop the manufacture of oil from coal, and did more to produce a cheap light than any man in the country. An expedition was sent out by him to Africa to seek his friend Dr. Livingstone.

Miss Eleonora A. H. Yea, aged seventy-six, eldest daughter of the late Sir W. Walter Yea, Bart., of Pyrland Hall, Somerset, on the 27th ult. This lady was the last surviving representative of the old Somersetsire family of Yea; her eldest brother, Colonel Lacy Yea, of the 7th Fusiliers, distinguished himself greatly in the Crimea, and fell on June 18 at the unsuccessful attack on the Redan.

James Norbert-Sweeney, D.D., a very learned divine, Abbot of St. Alban's, and for some time Provincial of the English Benedictines, on the 16th ult., in his sixty-first year. He was educated at Downside, became eventually Prior of that College, and since 1862 acted as Missionary Rector of St. John's Church, Bath. Dr. Sweeney was son of Captain Sweeney, a British officer stationed at St. Helena during the detention of the Emperor Napoleon.

Mr. Robert Francis Lascelles Jenner, of Wenlock Castle, Glamorganshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1864, formerly a Captain in the Army, on the 8th inst., at his seat near Cardiff; eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Francis Jenner, of Wenlock Castle, by Elizabeth Lascelles, his wife and cousin, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust. He was born Sept. 16, 1826; and married, Aug. 28, 1873, Laura Frances, daughter of the Rev. W. S. Birch.

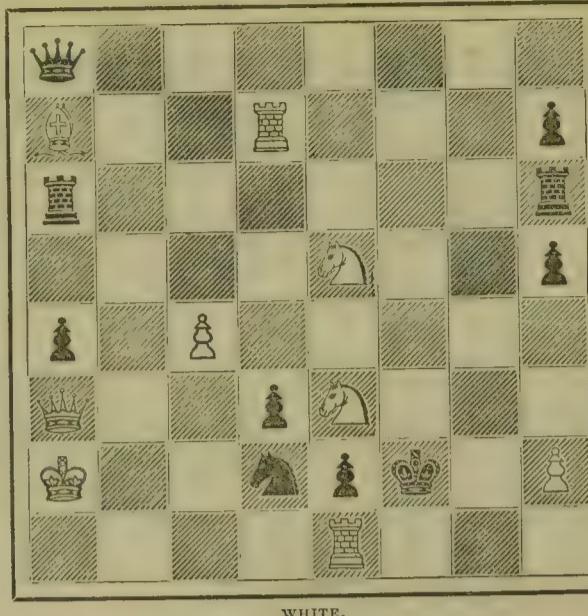
Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Maceroni, at Heathside, Weybridge, Surrey, the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Vaillant, on the 1st inst., aged seventy-eight years. The deceased lady was the daughter of the late Mr. William Williams, of Fitzroy-square, London, and widow of Colonel Francis Maceroni, Aide-de-camp to Murat, King of Naples, Knight of the Legion of Honour and of St. George of the Two Sicilies, Colonel in the Neapolitan Army, and General of Brigade in the service of the Republic of Columbia.

The Queen, although in residence at Windsor Castle, graciously commanded that the State apartments of the Palace should be opened for public inspection during several hours on Whit Monday.

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 2047.
By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

We had not space in last week's issue to present our readers with any commentary upon the play of Monday and Tuesday, the 7th and 8th inst., but the score then given would inform them of the result of several important encounters. Judging, in theatrical parlance, by the "house" on Tuesday, Steinitz and Zukertort are the stars of this tournament in popular estimation. The encounter between these masters filled the bill on that day, and it attracted the largest attendance of visitors yet assembled in the Victoria Hall. Among the most interested of these, fortunately placed within the roped arena, was Lord Randolph Churchill, who, like the elder Pitt, disdains not to dignify the statesman's leisure in the practice of the Game of Kings. In the general assembly, however, short men (not little, but understood), mounted upon chairs, craned their necks over the heads (and hats) of taller beings for a bird's-eye view of the battle-field, and with exciting gestures telegraphed to a crowd of hopeless outsiders the changing fortunes of the contending champions. Four hours had fled unheeded amid the excitement which prevailed, when a break-up of the crowd proclaimed the battle over, and it was soon known that Steinitz had won the victory. The game, after all, was a sad disappointment. Zukertort, with the Two Knights' opening, out-played his adversary, maintaining his advantage to the twenty-ninth move. On the thirtieth, chess-blindness, an infirmity common to the greatest masters of the game, supervened, and he resigned on the thirty-first. Appended is the game in question:—

| WHITE (Dr. Z.) | BLACK (Herr S.) | WHITE (Dr. Z.) | BLACK (Herr S.) |
|---|---|---|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 17. Kt takes B | Q takes Kt |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 18. B takes P | B takes B |
| 3. Kt to B 3rd | P to K Kt 3rd | 19. Q takes B | Kt takes P |
| 4. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 20. B to Kt 5th | Q takes B |
| 5. Kt takes P | B to Kt 2nd | Best. If 20. P to B 4th; then 21. Kt takes Kt and 22. Q takes P (ch), and if the Queen is retreated there follows Q R to K sq. | |
| 6. B to K 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 21. Kt takes KT | Q to B 4th |
| 7. B to K 2nd | Castles | 22. R to K sq | R to K sq |
| 8. Castles | R to K sq | 23. R to K 3rd | R takes Kt |
| 9. Q to Q 3rd | Q to K 2nd | 24. R to B 3rd | Q to B sq |
| 10. K Kt to Kt 5th | P to Q 3rd | 25. Q to R 7th (ch) | K to B sq |
| 11. B to Kt 5th | Kt to K 4th | 26. Q to R 8th (ch) | K to K 2nd |
| 12. Q to Q 2nd | B to K 3rd | 27. Q takes R | Q to Q 5th (ch) |
| 13. Q to B 4th | P to B 5th | 28. K to R sq | R takes P |
| Threatening 14. Kt takes Q B P, and 15. B takes Kt, &c. | | | |
| 14. K R to B sq | K R to B sq | 29. K to R sq (ch) | R to K 5th |
| 15. Q to R 4th | P to B 3rd | Here White, the victim of a momentary hallucination, overlooked the right move, 30. R to Kt sq, and played instead 30. R takes R (ch) Q takes R | |
| 16. P to B 4th | Kt to Q 2nd | 31. Q takes R P | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 17. Kt to Q 4th | With 17. P to B 5th in view, winning a piece. | White resigned, because he must sacrifice the Rook to prevent a mate. | |
| 18. P to K R 3rd | | | |

Wednesday was devoted to playing off the draws, and the day's score was:—

| | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|-----|-----|----|-----|------------|-----|-----|----|
| Bird | ... | ... | 1 | ... | Skipworth | ... | ... | 0 |
| Rosenthal | ... | ... | 0 | ... | Mason | ... | ... | 1 |
| Winawer | ... | dr | dr | ... | Blackburne | ... | dr | dr |

On Thursday Zukertort resumed his conquering career, in which there has been only one break, by defeating Bird in thirty-four moves. Bird defended the Vienna Opening by a line of play leading to a phase of the King's Gambit declined, got the worst of the opening, and had a difficult up-hill game to play throughout. Steinitz beat Noa after a prolonged battle, and Tschigorin with an irregular Opening beat Blackburne. Skipworth's Queen's Fianchetto was too sound for Sellman, whose game was so hopelessly lost at the dinner hour that he did not reappear to continue it, and it was scored by the first-named master. Mackenzie and Rosenthal (the latter much indisposed) agreed to a draw on the twelfth move, Winawer and Mason also drew, and Englisch beat Mortimer.

The event of the tenth round, played on Friday, was the meeting of Blackburne and Steinitz. The opening was the same as in the game above, and was continued on much the same lines of attack and defence; both being concentrated on and around the weak point of Black's game, a Pawn at K Kt 3rd. After a series of fine manoeuvres, White broke through the adverse lines on the eighteenth move, and, sacrificing a Rook, forced a mate on the 27th. We shall publish this game next week.

On Saturday there was no play in the Masters' tourney, but the day was not allowed to pass without an event to mark a point in its development and progress. Chessplayers, like all intellectual mortals, from Pericles to the late Lord Beaconsfield, though habitually abstemious, are not indifferent to the pleasures of the table. They do not possess the dreadnought stomach-coats of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, but their appetites are as good without being excessive, and they are equally free from the liver-demon, Hypochondria. Hence the meetings of chessplayers at the social board are a distinct contrast to their encounters at that which is chequered. At the latter, each, like Prospero confronting his enemies, bath an "undergoing stomach to bear up against what should ensue"; at the former, like another Shakespearean hero, he "lacks gall," good-fellowship is his distinguishing characteristic, and his "undergoing stomach" has an appreciation of a good dinner and good wine as keen as if he had known not Ruy Lopez or Carrera, but had chummed with Lucretius and all the other gourmands of ancient Rome. Never was this contrast more conspicuous than at the banquet given to the competitors in the Master tourney on Saturday by Mr. Hirschfeld, an amateur of known skill, and a member of the tourney committee. It was, in the little world of chess, a historic meeting, and requires more space for its due record than our restricted limits afford. The masters present were Messrs. Bird, Blackburne, Englisch, Mortimer, Noa, Rosenthal, Steinitz, Tschigorin, Winawer, and Zukertort; and assembled to meet them were Messrs. Ballard, Cubison, Duffy, Gasteau, Gumpel, Hecht, Hoffer, Lewis, Macdonell, Minchin, Steele, and Wayte. The table was graced by the presence of Mrs. Hirschfeld, and after a dinner designed with the skill of a Carême, the health of the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family, proposed by the host, was drunk with the usual honours. The International Tourney was next toasted, Messrs. Steinitz, Blackburne, and Winawer responding. Other toasts followed: the Committee, represented by Mr. F. H. Lewis; Mr. Minchin; Mr. Rosenbaum; Colonial Chess-players, responded to by Mr. Steele, of Calcutta; Dr. Zukertort; the Chess Press; &c.

The following is the score to Monday night:—

THURSDAY, MAY 10.

Englisch ... 1 Mortimer ... 0 Mason ... dr Englisch ... dr

Mason ... dr Winawer ... dr Rosenthal ... 0 Noa ... 1 Bird ... 0

Mackenzie ... dr Rosenthal ... dr Noa ... 1 Bird ... 0

Skipworth ... 1 1 Sellman ... 0 Skipworth ... dr Rosenthal ... dr

Tschigorin ... 1 Blackburne ... 0 Tschigorin ... 1 Mortimer ... 0

Noa ... 0 Steinitz ... 1 Steinitz ... 0 Blackburne ... 1

Zukertort ... 1 Bird ... 0 Zukertort ... 1 Sellman ... 0

FRIDAY, MAY 11.

Mason ... dr Englisch ... dr Englisch ... dr

Noa ... 1 Bird ... 0 Winawer ... 0 Winawer ... 0

Sellman ... 0 Skipworth ... dr Rosenthal ... dr

Tschigorin ... 1 Mortimer ... 0 Blackburne ... 1

Bird ... 0 Zukertort ... 1 Sellman ... 0

MONDAY, MAY 14.

Bird ... 0 Steinitz ... 1 Sellman ... 1 Noa ... 0

Englisch ... dr Mackenzie ... 1 Skipworth ... 0 Winawer ... 0

Mortimer ... 0 Blackburne ... 1 Tschigorin ... dr Mason ... 0

Zukertort ... 1 Rosenthal ... 0 Rosenthal ... 0

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1861), with a codicil (dated Jan. 24, 1883), of Mr. Joseph Shuttleworth, formerly of the city of Lincoln, but late of Hartsholme, Skellingthorpe, Lincolnshire, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on the 8th inst. by Alfred Shuttleworth and Frank Shuttleworth, the sons, and Nathaniel Clayton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £550,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Shuttleworth, the annual sum of £500, in addition to the money she is entitled to under her marriage settlement, and his mansion house and grounds at Heighington, with the household furniture and other articles therein, for life; to the Lincoln County Hospital and the Lincoln Dispensary, £1000 each; to each of his brothers and sisters, £1000; to his butler, John Hunt, £200; to George Richard Allis, £100; to each of the domestic servants who have been ten years in his service, £100; and to those who have been five years in his service at his death, £50. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons, Alfred and Frank, share and share alike, as tenants in common. The deceased, who was a partner in the firm of Clayton and Shuttleworth, agricultural engineers, of Lincoln, Pest, and Vienna, was D.L. and J.P. for Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire, and served the office of High Sheriff for the latter county in 1881.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1879), with a codicil (dated Sept. 26, 1882), of Sir Joseph William Copley, Bart., late of Sproborough Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 4 last, at No. 35, Duke-street, St. James's, was proved on the 7th ult. by the Rev. William Bridgeman-Simpson and the Rev. Arthur Henry Faber, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £86,000. The testator devises all his real estate in Yorkshire and Cornwall to his sister, Elizabeth Mary Copley, for life, and then to Wager Joseph Watson, a descendant of a sister of his father; and he bequeaths £25,000, upon trust, for his said sister for life, and then to the Rev. William Bridgeman-Simpson and his wife and four sons in succession; £25,000, upon trust, for his late wife's niece, Mrs. Edith Charlotte Worsley Smith, for life, and then to her children; and liberal legacies to servants and others. The residue of the personalty is to be held, upon trust, for his said sister for life, and then for the said Wager Joseph Watson.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Philipp Ernst, Count Von Brunnow, formerly of Chesham House, Chesham-place, Ambassador of the Russian Empire at the Court of St. James's, but late of Darmstadt, who died so long ago as April 11, 1875, have only just been granted in London to Hermann Rettich, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £59,000. The deceased's property vests in Sophie Olga Fanny Marie Hélène; Baroness Von Magnus, as his lawful grandchild, and only next of kin.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 10, 1882), of Mr. Samuel Bowring, late of No. 1, Westbourne Park, who died on Dec. 20 last, has been proved by Mrs. Margaret Louisa Bowring, the widow, Vice-Admiral Thomas Abel Bremage Spratt, C.B., and Charles Mills, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £50,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the children of his sister, Mrs. Catherine Dean Chittenden; £5000 to the children of his sister, Mrs. Anne Dean McDonagh; £5000 to his niece Mrs. Anne Emily Mills; £2000 to purchase an annuity for his niece, Josephine Stewart McDonagh; certain railway stocks at the death of his wife, upon trust, for Frederick Thomas Nelson Spratt; and legacies to other relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1880), with a codicil (dated July 10, 1882), of Mr. Samuel Bowring, late of No. 1, Westbourne Park, who died on Dec. 20 last, has been proved by Mrs. Margaret Louisa Bowring, the widow, Vice-Admiral Thomas Abel Bremage Spratt, C.B., and Charles Mills, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £50,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the children of his sister, Mrs. Catherine Dean Chittenden; £5000 to the children of his sister, Mrs. Anne Dean McDonagh; £5000 to his niece Mrs. Anne Emily Mills; £2000 to purchase an annuity for his niece, Josephine Stewart McDonagh; certain railway stocks at the death of his wife, upon trust, for Frederick Thomas Nelson Spratt; and legacies to other relatives, executors, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1878) of Sir Samuel St. Swinburn Burden Whalley, late of the Villa Rosa, Nice, who died on Feb. 3 last, has

PERFECT HEALTH to STOMACH,
Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Brain, and Breath
restored without medicine, purging, or expense, by
Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabic Food, which
saves fifty times its cost in medicine.

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which saves invalids and children, and also
rears successfully infants whose ailments and debility
had resisted all other nursing and treatments. It
cures effectually typhoid, bilious, nervous, scarlet,
and all other fevers and inflammatory and wasting
diseases.

CONSTIPATION, Dyspepsia, Indigestion,
Consumption, Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, Diarrhoea,
Dysentery, Nervous Debility, Typhus, Scarletina,
Diphtheria, Enteric Fever, Measles, Nettlerash, and
other eruptions, fever, andague.—Dr. Routh, after
analysing sixteen other kinds, says:

DU BARRY'S FOOD is the BEST of ALL.
100,000 cures, including those of H.H. the late Pope
Plus IX., the Marchioness of Bréhan, Lord Stuart de
Decies, the Rev. Chas. Tusion, Monmouth, Dr. Living-
stone and Mr. W. M. Stanley, the African explorers,
Drs. Ure, Wurzer, &c.

EXTRACTS from 100,000 CURES of cases
which had resisted all other treatments.

DYSPEPSIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has
cured me of nightly sweatings, terrible irritations of
the stomach, and bad digestion, which had lasted
eighteen years.—J. COMPARÉT, Parish Priest, St.
Romaine-de-lès, France.

NERVOUSNESS.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
Cure of the Marchioness de Bréhan of seven years
liver complaint, sleeplessness, palpitation, and the
most intense nervous agitation and debility, rendering
her unfit for reading or social intercourse.

DEBILITY.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has
perfectly cured me of twenty years' dyspepsia,
oppression, and debility, which prevented my dress-
ing or undressing myself, or moving even the slightest
effort.—Madame BOURELL or CARBONETTI, Avignon.

CONSUMPTION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
Consumption, Asthma, Cough, Drowsy, Deafness, on
which I spent thousands of pounds during twenty-
five years in vain, have yielded to this divine food,
and I am now restored to perfect health.—Mr. JAMES
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CONSTIPATION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.
Constipation, Asthma, &c. Cure No. 49,832, of fifty
years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervous-
ness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulence, spasms,
sickness, and vomiting, by Du Barry's Food.—MARIA
JOLLY, Lincoln.

LIVER.—DU BARRY'S FOOD.—Liver
complaint and diarrhoea, from which I had suffered
fearfully for two years, despite the best medical
treatment, have yield to Du Barry's excellent food.
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DECAY.—DU BARRY'S FOOD restored
23 lb. of good muscle to a gentleman from Dover,
aged 24, whose stomach and nerves had been ruined
by intense study, and his body reduced to a mere
skeleton, suffering from constant sleeplessness and
debility of extreme old age.

CONSTIPATION.—DU BARRY'S FOOD
has cured me of nine years' constipation, declared
beyond cure by the best physicians, and given me new
life, health, and happiness.—A. SPADAO, Merchant,
Alexandria, Egypt.

STOMACH.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has
perfectly cured many years' fearful pains in the
stomach and intestines, and sleeplessness, with con-
stant nervous irritability, for which my wife had
submitted in vain to medical treatment.—V. MORANO,
Cadiz.

KIDNEYS.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has
cured me of kidney disease, from which I had
suffered fearfully for many years, and which had
resisted the most careful medical treatment, and
now, at the age of ninety-three, I am perfectly free
from disease.—Rev. C. LEROY, Orvau, France,
April 25, 1873.

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my wife of twenty years' most fearful suffering from
nervous and bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart,
and an extraordinary swelling all over, sleeplessness,
and asthma. Medical aid never availed her.—
ATANASIO LA BARBERA, Mayor of Trapani, Sicily.

ASTHMA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD has cured
me of thirty-six years' asthma, which obliged me to
get up four or five times every night to relieve my
chest from a pressure which threatened suffocation.—
Rev. S. BOILLET, Ecrainville, France.

NEURALGIA.—DU BARRY'S FOOD is
a remedy which I could almost call divine. It has
perfectly cured our dear sister Julia, who has been
suffering for the last four years with neuralgia in the
head, which caused her cruel agony, and left her
almost without rest.—Rev. J. MONASSIE, Valgorge,
France.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—DU BARRY'S FOOD
has cured my daughter, who had suffered for two
years fearfully from general debility, nervous irri-
tability, sleeplessness, and a total exhaustion, and
given her health, sleep, and strength with hard
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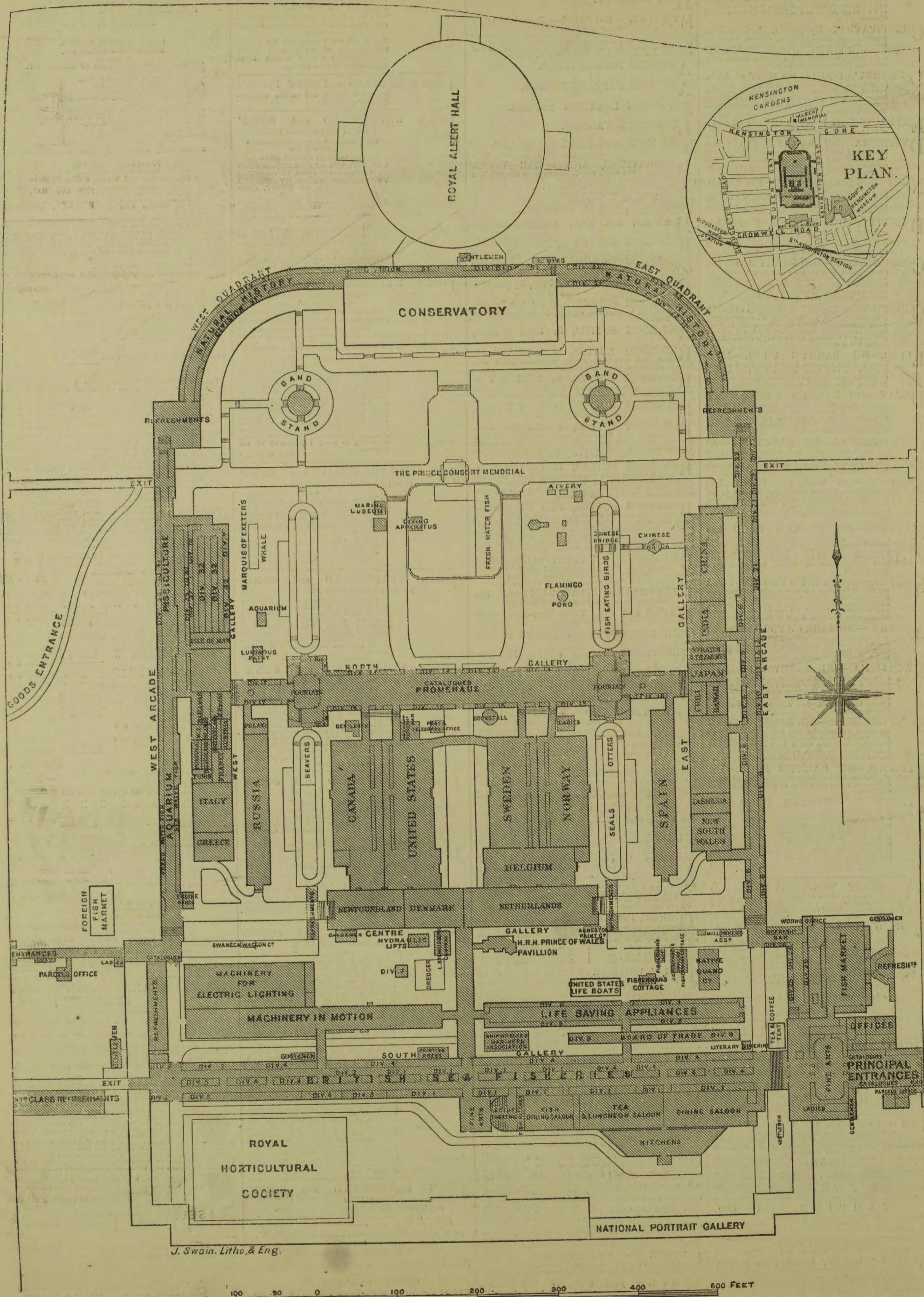
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THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

On Saturday last his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, acting instead of her Majesty the Queen, formally opened, with an imposing ceremonial, in the presence of a grand assembly comprising most of the other Princes and Princesses and many persons of rank, the Great Exhibition at Kensington designed to illustrate the Fisheries of the World, and the various industries connected with this important pursuit. The Prince of Wales, as President of the Exhibition, was to have presented to the Queen, if her Majesty had been able to appear in public upon this occasion, the Report of its plan and preparations, and to have invited her Majesty to declare it opened for the ensuing season. His Royal Highness, by her command, now took the place of the Queen, while the Report was presented to him by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, President of the General Committee for the management of the Exhibition. The proceedings began at noon, when the opening ceremony was performed amidst the assembled company in the Central Promenade, where a low dais had been erected, at the east end, with a throne and chairs of state upon it ranged in a crescent, overhung with velvet drapery and with fishing-nets gracefully festooned along its width; the floor laid with a rich Indian carpet, and the seats, which were splendid with gilding, and ornamented with carvings of the shapes of fishes, made yet more gorgeous with costly woven stuffs from India. This place was approached by the procession escorting their Royal Highnesses from the Fine-Art Gallery at the principal entrance, along half the Gallery of the British Sea Fisheries (see our engraving of a Plan of the Exhibition Buildings); thence turning to the right hand, passing through the Courts of Denmark, Newfoundland, and Canada, to the west end of the Central Promenade, up which the procession advanced to its eastern part, and there found thousands of spectators, already seated, awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales and of the other leading personages. Rows of seats were placed on each side of the middle passage up this promenade, and the bays of the walls and the roof, which are white, were decorated with trophies of flags and a few pendants. The models and cases exhibited here belong to the inland river fisheries of Great Britain.

The large entrance-hall, at the south-east corner of the Exhibition buildings, in Exhibition-road, near the Natural History Museum and the South Kensington Museum of Science and Art, was the place where the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others of the Royal Family, were received by the Royal Commissioners for the International Fisheries Exhibition, accompanied by the Commissioners from the British Colonies and those of foreign nations, and the Foreign Consuls, all wearing uniforms or court dress. Among the members of the Executive Committee were the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Ducie, Lord Lovat, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, Sir John Rose, Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, Sir Samuel Wilson (of Australia), Sir Alexander Galt (High Commissioner of Canada), Mr. J. H. Fordham and Alderman Sir T. Dakin (Prime Warden and Warden of the Fishmongers' Company), Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Professor Huxley, Mr. H. G. Calcraft, Mr. R. W. Duff, M.P., Mr. Alfred Jardine, Mr. J. L. Sayer, and Mr. W. Fell Woods; with the Colonial and Foreign Commissioners, Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales; Mr. E. Wilmot, from Canada; Dr. Francis Day, from India; Dr. G. B. Goode and Mr. R. Earll, from the United States; Messrs. J. H. Hart and J. D. Campbell, Commissioners of Customs in China; and the Commissioners and Consuls-General of Russia, France, Sweden and Norway, the Netherlands, Spain, Greece, Japan, and Hawaii. The first of the Royal or princely visitors to arrive were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with their son Prince Alfred of Edinburgh; followed by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Last came the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, attended by the Countess of Morton, Lord Colville, Lord Suffield, Miss Knollys, General Sir Dighton Probyn, Colonel Teesdale, and the Hon. A. Fitzmaurice. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a general officer, with the Order of the Garter.

The Royal procession was marshalled in the vestibule, and moved towards the central promenade, taking its way along the British Sea Fisheries Gallery, through lines of season-ticket holders and invited guests, and so on by the route above described. Foremost walked the Architect and Contractor, the Superintendent of Works, the Executive Committee, the Foreign and Colonial Acting Commissioners, and then the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family were followed by the Master of the Horse, the Mistress of the Robes, the Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, and others of the Royal households. They entered the Central Promenade, already thronged with privileged spectators of the ceremony. As the procession came on, a roll of drums led to the familiar strains of the National Anthem, which was sung by the choir of four hundred voices, accompanied by a band of seventy performers, under the direction of Mr. Barnby. The Prince of Wales was cheered as he advanced with the procession to the dais at the eastern end. This was guarded by her Majesty's Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, while the Yeomen of the Guard, in their quaint scarlet liveries of Tudor fashion, and the Royal Watermen, were stationed in the promenade below. The guard of honour in the entrance-hall had been formed of Naval Volunteers.

The Secretary of State for the Home Department, Sir William Harcourt, took his place, standing on the dais, at the right-hand of the Prince of Wales, because his Royal Highness was there representing the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury stood to the left of the Princes and Princesses, next Earl Sydney; and the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Kenmare, Lord Colville of Culross, and Lord Strathmairn, besides those noblemen and gentlemen who had accompanied their Royal Highnesses, were on the dais. The Princes and Princesses remained standing in front of the chairs provided for them.

The proceedings were brief and simple. The Duke of Richmond read an address to the Prince of Wales, stating that the purpose of the Exhibition was to promote a careful collection and discussion of facts relating to one of the most ancient, extensive, and important of industries, in the hope of learning how to deal with many difficult practical and scientific problems connected with it. The buildings were stored with vast contributions of the animal productions of the seas and rivers, and of the diversified contrivances for their capture, in all parts of the globe; of the modes of preserving and multiplying fish, generally called fish culture; the various articles of commerce yielded by fisheries, and the agencies by which they are distributed and prepared for use; while the processes of fish cooking, the organisation of a fish market, the history, the laws and regulations of fisheries, were largely illustrated. An International Fishery Congress would be held for the discussion of these matters. The condition of fishermen, the melancholy loss of life among them, the exhibition of life-boats and other life-saving apparatus, were also

referred to. The Commissioners thanked her Majesty's Government, the foreign and colonial Governments, and other public authorities, for their assistance to this undertaking; they especially thanked the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh for their active personal co-operation.

The Prince of Wales said, in reply:—"My Lord Duke, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to open this International Fisheries Exhibition on behalf of the Queen, although I feel assured that it is a matter of sincere regret to all present that her Majesty finds herself unable to undertake a duty which it would have afforded her much gratification to have performed. In view of the rapid increase of the population in all civilised countries, and especially in these sea-girt kingdoms, a profound interest attaches to every industry which affects the supply of food; and in this respect the harvest of the sea is hardly less important than that of the land. I share your hope that the exhibition now about to open may afford the means of enabling practical fishermen to acquaint themselves with the latest improvements which have been made in their craft in all parts of the world, so that, without needless destruction or avoidable waste of any kind, mankind may derive the fullest possible advantage from the bounty of the waters. I am glad to hear that your attention has been directed to the condition of the fishing population. It is a subject in which my brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, was led to take a particular interest during his tenure of office as Admiral-Superintendent of the Naval Reserve. As he is compelled to be absent during the sittings of the Congress to which you allude, I shall have the pleasure of reading a paper on this topic, which he has prepared, at its first meeting. Life-boats and life-saving apparatus undoubtedly fall strictly within the province of a fishery exhibition; but I may congratulate you on the circumstance that, without overstepping your proper limits, you have been able to confer a benefit, not only on all fishermen and all sailors by profession, but also on all who travel by sea; and in these days of rapid and extensive locomotion, this means a large proportion of civilised mankind."

The Archbishop of Canterbury offered an appropriate prayer to the Dispenser of all benefits. In the short special service the choir sang two verses of the Old Hundredth Psalm, the second verse being accompanied with fine effect by the full orchestra. His Royal Highness, in a loud and distinct voice, then, in the Queen's name, declared the Exhibition open; and the announcement was heralded by a flourish of trumpets. At the same time the signal was given for a Royal salute to be fired by a battery of the Royal Artillery stationed in Hyde Park. The choristers then sang, as a cantata orchestrally accompanied, Gounod's "Marche Cortège," from the "Reine de Saba," the English words being applicable to the "Queen great and glorious" whose presence alone was wanting to the completeness of the auspicious ceremony. Mendelssohn's chorus, the "Hymn of Praise," followed; and this ceremonial was at an end. The procession returned to the entrance-hall through other of the foreign courts and the life-boat department; and their Royal Highnesses departed amid cheers from a great crowd in front of the building.

In the evening, the Fishmongers' Company entertained their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke of Teck, with the Commissioners of this Exhibition, and several of the Foreign Ambassadors and Special Commissioners, at a grand banquet in Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge.

The fisher-girls who have been brought to London from Scotland and the Continent in connection with the Exhibition were received at Marlborough House by the Princess of Wales, and, through the kindness of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, they have been enabled to witness many of the principal sights of the metropolis.

We are indebted to Messrs. Clowes and Sons, printers of the Official Catalogue of this great Exhibition, for permission to reprint, in our Supplement this week, the Plan of the Buildings and Courts, on the site of the Horticultural Society's Gardens at Kensington, between the Royal Albert Hall, to the north, and the Natural History Museum, in Cromwell-road, on the south side.

The contents of the Exhibition are arranged in seven classes, the first illustrative of sea-fishing of all nations and in every branch—trawl, long line, hand line, nets, hooks for fish, and harpoons for whales; dredges and pots for crustaceans; fishing-vessels with their ropes, sails, and tackle; models of harbours, piers, and slips; appliances for breaking the force of the waves; life-boats and life-saving apparatus; communications from shore to light-ships and with fishing fleets; signalling and methods of protecting submarine telegraph cables from injury by fishing operations. This class also includes fresh-water fishing, with all its paraphernalia of rods, flies, nets, baits, with anglers' apparel, lures, and punts. The second class is devoted to the economic condition of fishermen, their personal equipment, food and medicines, dwellings, contracts of partnerships, insurances of life, boats, gear, and their benefit societies. The economic and commercial aspects of the fisheries are dealt with in the third class, in which the curing, preservation, and utilisation of fish are illustrated by models of fish-curing establishments, samples of dried, smoked, salted, tinned, and otherwise prepared food; by products of fish, such as oils, roes, isinglass, and other antiseptics, suitable for preserving fish for food. Pearl shells, pearls, sponges, corals, and such like, applicable to ornamental or useful purposes, further find location herein; as also do the appliances for carrying fish, as well as models of fish markets. The fourth class is for fish culture, and herein will be found models, and drawings, and practical examples of fish hatching, breeding, and rearing establishments, and representations of the development and growth of fishes. Scientific investigation also has its place, and the diseases of fish, with reference to their origin and cures; the means of purifying polluted streams; the conditions of salt and fresh water which affect aquatic life; investigations of deep seas and lakes, and researches into aquatic fauna and flora may be investigated and studied. The acclimatisation of fish is a subject further included in this group. The natural history of fishes has the fifth class entirely devoted to it, and, in addition to the numbers of stuffed specimens, live fish will be seen in the aquaria. Beyond this there will be works on ichthyology, maps of the geographical distributions and migrations of fishes and their spawn; and specimens showing some of the relationships between extinct and existing fishes. The history and literature of fishing, fishery laws, and fish commerce are provided for by a sixth class, which will deal with ancient fishing implements, charters and seals of fishermen's guilds, fishery laws of different countries, codices of treaties, and international conventions and reports. The seventh class is provided for loan collections within the scope of the foregoing classes.

On entering from the Exhibition-road by the doorway near the entrance of the National Portrait Gallery, the visitor finds at the end of the short vestibule an opening giving access to the fish market. This is a novel feature of the exhibition, for here will be sent specimens of the rarer kinds of fish brought to land daily as well as supplies of the ordinary stock of the

fishmonger. In order to make the public acquainted with the less generally known varieties, lectures and practical demonstrations will be given, under the directions of Mrs. Clarke, by members of the National School of Cookery. The conveniently-arranged theatre, in which instruction on the subject is to be given, has been decorated at the expense of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, as well as an adjoining dining-room, in which a fish dinner at a trifling charge will be prepared each day. To secure a supply of the fish required for these purposes the Fishmongers' Company have made a contract for the regular delivery of a specified quantity.

In the long southern transept are ranged nets, fishing-gear, boat models, and all that appertains to the sea-fisheries of Great Britain, while such things as are employed in our freshwater fishing are in the parallel transept, the Central Promenade. Between these have been erected many buildings, some in which space is apportioned to different States, others detached which are appropriated to particular classes of exhibits. Parallel to the Southern transept are the departments of machinery in motion and for life-boats and life-saving apparatus. Near by is a separate shed, in which two coast-guard men will attend to explain the working of rocket apparatus approved by the Board of Trade. In the middle space, extending to the Central Promenade, and along the sides further north, are buildings in which are exhibits from China, Japan, India, the Straits Settlements, and our Australian colonies on the one hand, and from the West Indies, Hawaiian Islands, Portugal, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Greece on the other. Russia has a separate building, and a corresponding one has been put up for Spain, the Spanish Government having shown their interest in the Exhibition by sending a man-of-war along the coast of Spain to collect exhibits. Canada and Newfoundland, the United States, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium have each its department. The permanent arcades and quadrants of the 1862 Exhibition are turned to account, and to the west are the aquaria, for the illustration of fish culture and with specimens of fish attacked by parasites. The fountain basins and cages placed in the northern part of the grounds are used for the exhibition of birds and beasts that prey upon the finny tribes. Stuffed fish caught by members of angling clubs are shown in the west quadrant, and additional value is given to the natural history department by the exhibition in a building near the new Natural History Museum of the fine collection of fish preserved in spirit.

The whole of the buildings of the International Fisheries were designed by the late Major-General Henry Scott, C.B., and by Mr. Wilson Bennison, the assistant architect, under whose superintendence they were erected by Messrs. Petto, the contractors. The contractor for the iron buildings was Mr. J. Carlton Humphreys, who also erected the elegant Royal Pavilion for the Prince of Wales. This was decorated and furnished by Messrs. Gillow and Co., and the conservatory was stocked by Mr. Dick Radclyffe with a beautiful collection of plants, ferns, and flowers.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

DRIFT-NET FISHING: OUT AFTER PILCHARDS.

In our preceding Descriptions and Illustrations of the British Fisheries, we have given some account, with a series of Sketches by our own Artists, first, of Trawling on the Doggerbank for soles, turbot, brill, plaice, and other bottom-fish; secondly, of Seining for pilchards, on the Coast of Cornwall. Another branch of the Cornish pilchard fishery, that which is practised by means of the Drift-net, is one of the subjects represented in our Illustrations this week. Drift-nets, which are likewise used for taking herrings and mackerel, serve in the capture, at some distance from the shore, of all such fish as come much to the surface of the sea; whereas the trawl-net, to which we have referred, is for sweeping up those at the bottom; and the seine-net is employed, where there are soundings, close inshore, in the manner described last week. A drift-net is one that is allowed to drift, being neither fixed, towed, nor hauled within any precise space of water. A train of nets, fastened together, each thirty yards long, which hang perpendicularly from floats set along the upper edge, forming an upright fence or barrier in the water to a certain depth from the surface, is cast out by each fishing-boat. The boat which works these drift-nets is called "a driver." The train of drift-nets is from one mile to two miles long, the nets reaching about a fathom and a half below the surface of the water. The size of the net used is about thirty-eight or forty meshes to the yard for pilchards. The fish, striking or swimming against the net in the dark, mesh themselves, that is, the head of the fish passes through the net, and the gills expanding, the fish sticks fast by its head in the mesh. This is not the case in seine-fishing, as we explained last week.

We shall now give a description of one night's work, out with a "driver" after a "school" of pilchards, on the coast of Cornwall. Let us first suppose that we are standing on the pier at Mevagissey, shown in sketch No. 1 of this series. A pretty sight it is to see the densely packed "drivers" lying comfortably at rest, their sails neatly stowed away under their tarpaulin covers, the decks nicely cleaned down, and all lumber put snugly away. On the quays and landing-places are groups of fishermen lolling about, smoking much and talking little. Now and again a little boat, containing two men, glides silently in and out among the luggers, until, reaching some convenient quay, the crew will heave out their catch of whiting, mackerel, pollack, or such-like fish, which one or two "joulters" will leisurely buy at almost their own price. But this seems only to vary, rather than to disturb, the quiet scene at the harbour in the morning. If we pay it a visit again in the afternoon, the scene will be changed. The "drivers" that were lying so lazily at their moorings have become, as it were, suddenly alive. Blocks are creaking and spars rattling in every direction, the brown or sometimes white sails are displayed, and the men who looked so lazy are now seen pulling at oars or hauling at ropes in attitudes of strenuous exertion, while shouts, and often laughter, proceed from each vessel as the mass of canvas is slowly raised to catch the wind, and each smack in turn passes out of the narrow mouth of the harbour. If a strong east wind is blowing, they cannot go straight out of the channel, but have to "tack and tack" through a passage between the rocks before reaching the open sea. (Sketch 2.) Their friends on the pier (Sketch 3) look after them and wish them luck. The portrait of our worthy skipper is presented in Sketch 4.

Leaving the harbour, we keep to the right and make for the Western Bay; an immense stretch of water bounded on one side by the point at the entrance to Falmouth Harbour and on the other by Deadman Point. Having arrived on our ground about an hour before dark, and chosen our position, the boat is allowed to drift lazily with the tide, while the skipper invites us to the "cabin" to have a cup of hot tea. The cabin in this class of boat is situated in the bow, and is entered foremost, through a little hole about eighteen inches square, which is furnished with a sliding panel to act as a door. We find ourselves in a little cabin about six feet long by four feet six inches high (Sketch 6), the roof being thrown across nearly



1. Towing out the boats. 2. Ferrying across with the fish.

3. Signalling to the boats to enter the Harbour.

4. Curing the Herrings.

5. Ready for packing.

6. Herring-nets on the Dens.

7. Laid up.

8. Packing.

9. Hauling in the nets.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES: THE YARMOUTH HERRING FISHERY.

to the top of the bulwarks of the smack. The seats, which run along each side, are furnished with lids, and form four lockers, which are used as receptacles for the belongings of the crew, while, at night, the lids serve as bunks or couches for those of the crew not required to steer or keep a look-out. Two holes, reaching still further towards the bow, are visible, and we were informed that they also were bunks; indeed, the blankets that were rolled up in them left no doubt about it. This little cabin was lighted by a candle, stuck into an iron socket on the upright beam supporting the roof. It was furnished with a stove, so close to the woodwork as to seem exceedingly dangerous, but the skipper soon had a roaring fire in it, put the kettle on, and speedily fulfilled the duties of hospitality by handing round mugs of hot tea.

But it is time now to "shoot" the drift-net; for twilight has deepened into dusk, and so, my lads, to work with a will, for there will be no fish caught if we wait until the water begins to "brine." This "brining," it may here be stated, is a property acquired by the water after dark. It is as though thousands upon thousands of specks of phosphorus were scattered over the water every time anything ruffles its surface. The crew have been busy heaving the nets overboard, and now there is nothing to do but to wait patiently for the fish to mesh themselves. We make ourselves as comfortable as possible by lighting our pipes and lying down at ease in the softest place upon the fore-deck, and there beguile the time with an interesting talk. Let us see what information we can elicit from the captain of the smack.

"Well! it seems to me," say I, "that you fellows don't have half a bad time of it. Your work to-night has certainly not been extra hard, and if you get a good catch of fish, by-and-by, the money they bring will, I should think, have been easily earned."

"Ah!" replies the cap'n, "that's all very well; but you've had an uncommonly favourable evening to come out, Sir. And besides, this time of the year we fish close in shore, and don't have to go far away from the harbour; and besides that, the evenings draw in early in the autumn; so, if we shoot the nets by five or six o'clock, we stand a good chance of getting in harbour again by about eleven, unless, indeed, we get a very strong wind against us. But take the spring of the year, or early summer, for instance, when we have to go twenty miles or so off land, and the evenings keep so light that it's not a bit of use to shoot before half-past eight or nine o'clock, and then we have to get out a brave length of net. Why, you'd hardly believe it, perhaps, but some of our biggest boats carry as much as two miles of nets,—then there's all that length of net to haul in again; and then, perhaps, a very small catch after all the trouble; only a thousand or two, which, when the value is shared up between the three, four, or five hands, will hardly buy each man his dinner, much less that of his wife and children."

"But," say I, "that's looking at things from the black side; for sometimes you get a good catch, I suppose, 20,000 or so, eh, and that would make up for a good many bad days."

"Well, yes we do, and even more than that, thirty, forty, or fifty thousand; and I have known even as much as a hundred and fifty thousand to one boat. But it's precious hard work, I can tell you, and only balances the loss after all, and sometimes, indeed, it is worse than no catch at all; for I have known so many fish to get meshed in the net as to carry it to the bottom, and tear it away. But even supposing that we do get a good catch, say, forty thousand or so, all these fish ought if possible to be unmashed before we set sail; and then, just as likely as not, it will come a dead calm, and then where are you? there's a good catch on board, but how are you to get to the port to sell it? But it's well worth trying for, so you put out the sweeps, and with the help of a cap-full of wind now and again, and by taking it in turns to row, you generally manage to get them in. It's seldom, I am thankful to say, along this coast, that we cannot make port in time to sell our fish; but I have known it in the north to be not such a very uncommon event to have as many herrings on board as the smack can carry, and to have to throw them overboard again because we could get no wind to take us into port before the fish went poor. But then in the north they use much larger boats than we have here, and so can't use the sweeps so well, and they also go much further away from land."

"Well," I observe, "it must indeed be hard work to have to row these large boats."

"I can assure you, it is, Sir; and when it is necessary to do so every day for a fortnight, it nearly wears a man out. You don't get home until midday, and then, after you've sold your fish and counted them out, and have swallowed some dinner, it's time to get out oars again and put out to sea. I assure you, Sir, that during a whole fortnight I haven't had so much as twenty hours' sleep, and was pretty well worn out, I can tell you."

"But still," say I, "you would, I suppose, rather have the calm than rough weather."

"Well, Sir, take it on the whole, perhaps so. You see fishing isn't so profitable but that a man will venture something rather than not go to sea; and then, if the wind changes sudden like, you are caught right away sometimes."

"Has that ever been your lot? I should say that a tight little vessel like this would stand a pretty strong wind."

"Well, yes, Sir; these craft will stand a pure bit of knocking about. You'd be surprised at some of the stories as some of the chaps can tell of the way they've been caught out. But I can't say as ever I was caught out in anything extra bad myself, as I'm rather more particular than most about venturing far away. But some of them do go through terrible bad weather, sure enough. You remember the storm of last January, I dare say, Sir; well, it served some of the boats terrible bad, I can tell you; it came so sudden like and unexpected, and caught so many of 'em out at sea. One poor fellow on the north coast went clean out of his mind through it. He was twenty-four hours at the helm, without rest or food. The smack was almost unmanageable all the time; and the other hands, you see, were too frightened to steer and wouldn't relieve him. And when he did bring her into port, all he said was, 'I've brought ye in safe, lads'; and they do say as he ha'nt spoke since, Sir."

"A sad story, indeed; and I am afraid not the only tale of misery occasioned by that dreadful storm. But tell me, do you not use these boats for anything but drift-net fishing?"

"Well, yes, Sir; sometimes we go long-lineing—that is, fishing for hook fish, but not unless the driving fails; and we sometimes put lines over, if we've a little time to spare, after hauling in the nets. When we go up to Plymouth driving, we go hake-fishing as well, as that is considered there part of the fishery. You see, most of the boats are worked on the share system, and it gives the men a better chance of earning something extra."

"How do you mean a better chance?"

"Why, you see, when you go out on shares, the boat and nets take half the value of the fish caught, which is only fair, when you come to consider the outlay necessary for it. Why, the boat you're on now, Sir, didn't cost less than a hundred pound; and you may put down near another hundred for the net, corks, ropes, and other fittings; but without all that, you

see, they couldn't catch school fish at all. So it's only fair to the boat to get half the catch; after that, the men on board share the other half equally. With hooking, however, it's different; each man fishes with his own line over the side, when he would otherwise be idle; so that catch isn't halved, but divided equally among the crew."

"I see," said I, glancing over the side, "that you have your nets very low in the water. I always thought that these sort of nets were kept very near the top."

"Well," replied the captain, "that again all depends upon the fish to be caught and the time of year you try to catch 'em. It involves, if I may call it so, the necessity of a little knowledge of natural history. Now for mackerel we have the nets very much nearer the surface, because the fish swim higher in the water; and so do herrings, though they are very seldom caught about here, but pilchards, as a rule, swim rather deep, and so the nets must be sunk accordingly."

"But I see," the captain now says, "they're beginning to haul over yonder, and I think it is about time we began to do the same. Sling up the lantern, and let's have 'em in." And, so saying, the captain jumped to his feet and began bustling about the boat. Following his example, though more leisurely, I paused to look around me.

Opposite to where I had been lying darkness had crept steadily on, save for an occasional struggle of the moon to peep through some heavy clouds that were coming over from the land; but, on turning round, all the bay seemed alive with the lights of the drivers that bore us company; so thickly were they crowded into the bay, they seemed like floating stars bobbing up and down with the heaving motion of the sea. I cannot remember when I have seen a more pleasing sight.

But it was time to pay attention to the nets, which were beginning to come in. One solitary pilchard here and there was hauled in by the men; but, apparently, nothing substantial to reward their labours, and the captain expressed his opinion that it was likely to be a barren haul. He was wrong, however; for after a few score fathoms or so more were hauled in, the fish came up thicker, until at last the whole net was covered with them: a glorious, shining, silvery mass, made the more beautiful by the moonbeams that played upon it.

"Why, you're wrong, after all, skipper; you'll do a good night's work yet."

"It is not so good as you think, Sir," replied he; "but, still, we can't grumble, I dare say there are six thousand or so here."

But the skipper was wrong by a thousand then; for, when tallied up, it came to seven thousand five hundred odd, and as the fish were all sold by the long hundred—that is, one hundred and twenty-six the hundred—it would represent in ordinary figures a good many more. The fish were unmashed as they were hauled up and put into a compartment of the boat prepared for them. When all the nets were stowed away again, the sails were hauled up once more, and with as favourable a wind as we could wish we started, in company with many others, back to Mevagissey, where we arrived shortly after eleven o'clock.

"If you care to see the end of the game," said the skipper, "that is, to see the fish sold, you're very welcome if you care to put up with rough quarters, to turn in with us." And as I very much wished, as he expressed it, "to see the end of the game," I gladly accepted his proposal. Our rest was not to be for long, however, for two or three hours brought busy morning upon us, and with it a sight that I would not have missed, that of the fish market. Dutch auction is the method employed here. Some fish being put in the "maund," as it is called—which is a large basket, with two handles, holding about a thousand fish—it is taken ashore as a sample, and then the rest are sold at per thousand, according to the bidding, which is, of course, ruled by market price. The lot we had caught fetched ten and sixpence per thousand, which is about four pounds three shillings; and the half of that sum being divided between five, is nearly ten shillings and three pence halfpenny per man.

THE YARMOUTH HERRING FISHERY.

The herring, which is the most important fish, as an article of food and trade, caught in the British seas, abounds in the German Ocean and the Atlantic Ocean, between forty and seventy degrees of north latitude. It seems to pass to and fro, in vast shoals or "schools," from deep water to shallow, and from shallow water to deep, according to seasonal variations in the temperature of the water, upon which depends the supply of marine animalcules, gelatinous "medusae," which are the fish's proper food. We do not know how many herrings there are in the sea; but it has been estimated, by the Government Fishery Commissioners that 120,000 millions are annually destroyed, by men, birds, and fishes, in the seas around the United Kingdom. The same authority informs us that 2400 millions of herrings are yearly caught in the North Sea by British, French, Dutch, and Norwegian fishermen. Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft are the centres of this fishery in England; but it is far exceeded in magnitude by the Scottish fisheries of the east and west coast, whose produce in 1880 amounted to 767,500,000 herrings, worth about £1,000,000.

The herring-nets belonging to our British fishermen would encircle the globe at the Equator; they have sometimes, in the autumn, eight or ten thousand miles of nets at one time in the North Sea. These are drift-nets, the form and use of which we have elsewhere explained; a train or "fleet" of nets, each twenty yards long (the Scotch nets are forty yards), will stretch from a mile and a quarter to two miles. They are made chiefly of cotton, with a square mesh of an inch and a quarter; they hang from corks placed along a rope, to which the upper edge of the net is attached, at the surface of the water, or from small kegs or buoys, called "bowls," with a long rope, the "warp," for hauling in all the nets together, each of the nets being connected with this warp by a pair of "seizings." The fishing is always carried on by night, and it too often happens that the nets are carried away or damaged by passing ships, or by the trawlers. The Yarmouth herring-boats, some of which are shown in our Artist's Sketches, going out and re-entering the harbour, are two-masted, and lugger-rigged, with the foremast so that it can be lowered backward to ride easier when drifting; the boats are decked, and the largest of them may be 52 ft. long, with 17 ft. beam, and 7 ft. depth of hold, having a burden of thirty-six tons, new measurement. The crew may be up to nine or eleven men. They "shoot" the nets about sunset; one man looks after the corks and bowls, another pays out the netting, while another fastens the "seizings" of each net to the "warp."

After putting the whole train of nets overboard, with the corresponding length of warp-rope, they give an additional piece of this, more or less according to the state of the tide, current, or weather, for the boat to swing by in drifting away, so as not to have too hard a drag on the nets. The boat's head is put to the wind; the sails are taken in, except a small mizen-sail; the foremast is lowered, and the regulation lights are set for a token that the boat is fishing, as prescribed by act of Parliament. A watch is set on board, while the rest of the crew lie down to rest. They occasionally

haul in a portion of the warp to look at the first net, and to see if there be many herrings in it. When the time comes for taking in the entire train of more than a hundred nets, all hands are busily employed. It is done by winding in the warp-rope on the capstan, the rope being coiled up in a separate receptacle as fast as it comes in; and each net, as it comes on board, is passed over a horizontal pole, the scudding-pole, fixed to the mainmast, to be emptied by shaking out the fish on the deck. Every net is stowed away when emptied, the hands being specially allotted to particular duties, like a man-of-war's men at the moment of action. The heaps of fish are quickly salted, or "soused," and deposited in the hold, so that there is no excessive accumulation of them on deck. A boat has often been known to catch more than enough to sink her, like the "miraculous draught of fishes" taken by St. Peter on the Sea of Galilee; and the men have been obliged to throw overboard a third part of what they had caught, or to give them to any other boats that lay near; or the warp has been broken and the nets lost. The quantity called "a last" at Yarmouth, is about 13,200 herrings, and weighs nearly two tons, so that twenty lasts is more than a boat-load. The French boats, indeed, are larger, and carry a greater "fleet" of nets. The Yarmouth and Lowestoft fishing is from September to the end of November; it is much earlier in the North, but on the western coasts, in the Channel and the Bristol Channel, it will go on to the end of the year.

Yarmouth has been noted for herrings from the earliest ages of English history; and the method of "curing" them with salt was practised there seven hundred years ago, probably long before. It is repeatedly mentioned in ancient Royal charters, and in deeds relating to the monasteries of Norfolk and Suffolk. We gave some illustrations of the town and neighbourhood of Yarmouth, including Gorleston, not very long ago. Its situation is remarkable, on the "Denes" or narrow strips of low land which separate the open sea from the piece of water formed by the converging estuaries of the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney, called Breydon Water. Above three hundred vessels of Yarmouth, and three or four thousand men or boys, are engaged in the herring fishery; besides a very large number of men and women employed in salting and curing. What are popularly called "red herrings" are those which are first cured with salt and then dried with the smoke of a wood-fire, making the flesh red. A little book by Mr. J. W. de Caux, of Yarmouth, published in 1881, informs us that "during the last thirteen years, the grand total of herrings delivered at Great Yarmouth has been at least 210,000 lasts, or the marvellous quantity of 2,772,000,000 herrings. During the same period, there have been delivered at Lowestoft 122,367 lasts, of which 13,455 lasts were delivered in the spring-time, and 1568 lasts during the summer-time." The quantity of salt used at Yarmouth in one season exceeds 10,000 tons. But the British herring fishery goes on almost everywhere around the coasts of the British Islands, and, in one place or another, nearly all the year round.

MACKEREL FISHING ON THE SOUTH COAST.
Mackerel fishing is generally a most profitable employment to the fishermen who engage in it while the season lasts, immense hauls sometimes being taken. A single cast of the net occasionally (particularly in the early part of the season) will realise as much as £100. In many places, notably on the south coast, the fish are easily caught in what are called seinetts, as they approach the shore in large schools. Indeed they are sometimes so close in shore that the net is hauled in upon the beach itself, and its living freight of glittering silver fishes thrown thereon in a heap. Late spring or early summer is the most favourable season for the south coast fishing; and at such times large groups of apparently idle men may be seen early in the morning lying upon the beach, talking, laughing, and smoking, sometimes for hours together. They are only waiting for signs of a "school," an indication of which is the splashing of the water in a long streak, from a quarter to half a mile or so seaward, and extending in length sometimes half a mile. This can be seen, however, only when the sea is clear and moderately calm, as directly the water becomes thick the fish sink to the bottom.

On a sign that a shoal is visible, bustle and tumult, shouting and excitement reign everywhere along the beach. Strong arms and vigorous pushes send the seine-boats from the shore into the sea, and many yards on their way, towards the bubbling water ahead. Then every man grasps his oar, for now it is a race to the "school," the first boat reaching it having the best chance of casting. The school of fish has in the meanwhile disappeared, or gone farther out to sea, and the captain of each boat stands in the bows and looks for its reappearance, and for the best place for casting. Two boats are used in this operation, one small the other large. The larger boat, which contains the nets, takes out four or six men, besides the captain, the smaller boat takes but two or three. On coming within a convenient distance of the school, the captain orders the net to be cast, and the occupants of the smaller boat seize hold of the barrel which is attached to a rope fastened to one end of the net, and hold it fast. The men in the larger boat, in the meanwhile, are endeavouring so to pay out the net as to inclose the whole or a part of the shoal. The operation of casting is done by the captain, while the others row. They cast the net somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, and upon coming again close to the small boat, the ends of the net are drawn together, and the hauling in is commenced. The nets used are sometimes more than half a mile in length, and are fixed at each end to poles weighted with lead.

When the school is surrounded, there commences a scene of excitement for the poor mackerel, and great is the splashing and dashing of the water, in their endeavours to escape. But of no avail are their strenuous efforts; in their confusion they have not the sense to sink to the bottom and so escape the net, but endeavour forcibly to break through it; their heads pass through the open meshes, and then the expanding gills act as a hook, and the fish are caught.

The nets used here differ somewhat in construction from those in use on many other parts of the coast; the mesh being considerably larger than in most so-called seines, and so retaining and capturing the fish in the mesh of the net, in the same manner as with drift-nets, instead of simply inclosing the school in a wall of net. The reason for using this kind of net here is probably because the shore recedes at a great angle, so that an immense depth of net would be required at any great distance from the shore.

The pictorial sketches which are presented upon another page were taken on the fisherman's beach at Eastbourne. Mackerel are very plentiful on the coast of Devon, and Bigbury Bay swarms with them. During June or July, on the Hampshire and Sussex coasts, particularly the latter, they arrive as early as March, and sometimes even in February. The fisherman's harvest at Lowestoft and Yarmouth is during the months of May and June, when the mackerel are in such wonderful abundance that 15,000 are often taken in a single night. The mackerel spawns in June, and 540,000 ova have been found in a single female. At Yarmouth the mackerel fishery employs ninety boats, with a tonnage of upwards of 3000 tons and 870 men, and produces about £20,000 a year.